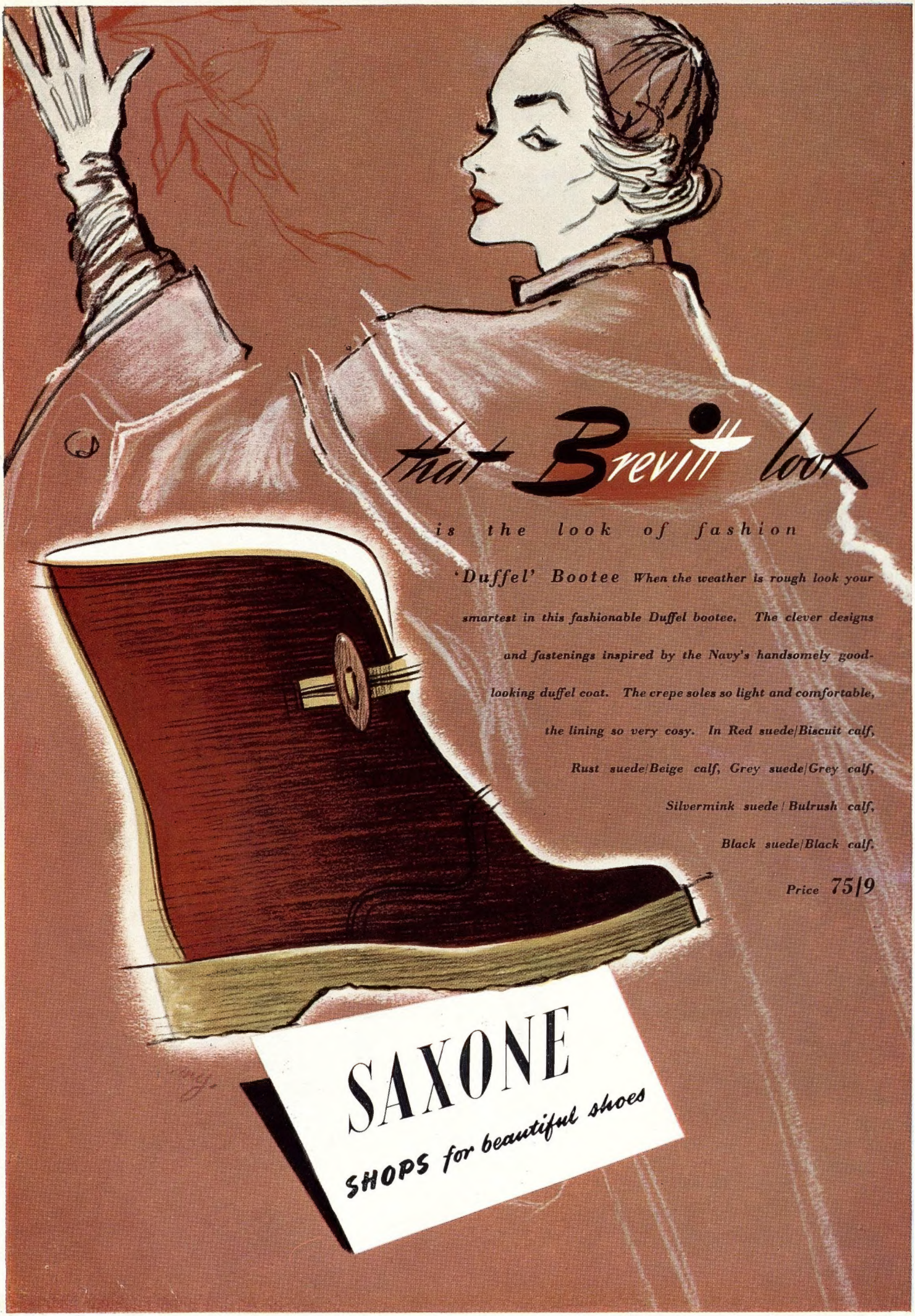
BRITANNIA and EVE

OCTOBER, 1950
TWO SHILLINGS

that Brevitt look
is the look of fashion
'Duffel' Bootee When the weather is rough look your smartest in this fashionable Duffel bootee. The clever designs and fastenings inspired by the Navy's handsomely good-looking duffel coat. The crepe soles so light and comfortable, the lining so very cosy. In Red suede/Biscuit calf, Rust suede/Beige calf, Grey suede/Grey calf, Silvermink suede/Bulrush calf, Black suede/Black calf.
Price 75/9
SAXONE
SHOPS for beautiful shoes

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 41 No. 4 OCTOBER, 1950

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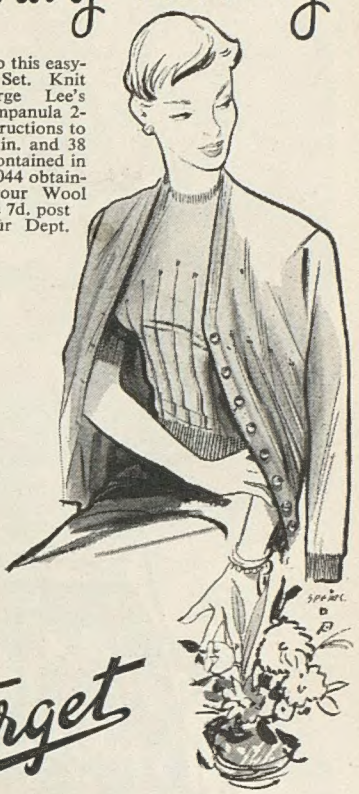
All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland and Foreign Postage for this issue is 3d. Canada 1½d.

Sunray Ribbing

adds charm to this easy-to-knit Twin Set. Knit it in George Lee's "Target" Campanula 2-ply. Full instructions to fit 34 in., 36 in. and 38 in. bust are contained in Leaflet No. 1044 obtainable from your Wool Shop or price 7d. post free from our Dept. No. 45.



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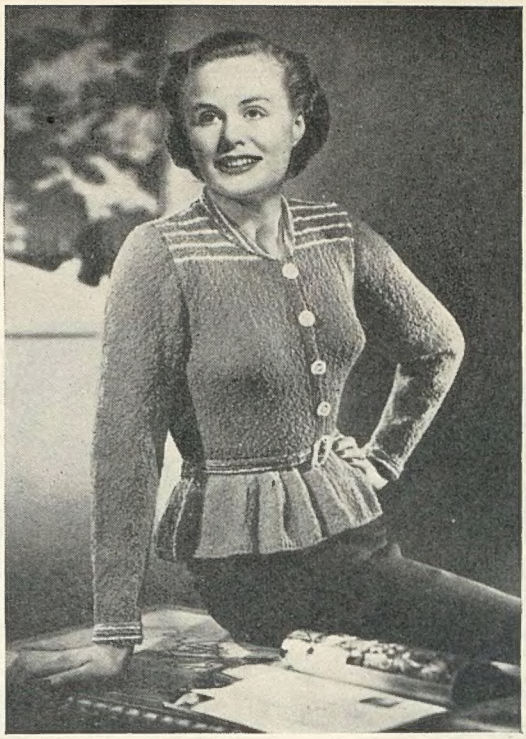

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as a whisper . . .

—and gentle to even very tender skins. Andrex handkerchief tissues, fully absorbent and completely hygienic, are so delightfully convenient to have in the house or the handbag at all times . . . a luxury to use, but a necessity when you consider the price and the laundering saved.

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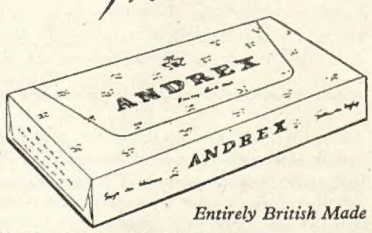

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SALON-TESTED COSMETICS

They're light . . . fashionable

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Lighter cosmetics for the new unselfconscious beauty! Atkinsons bring you their new salon-tested range—light, fluffy creams, petal-light powder, rouge and lipstick that accentuate your *natural* loveliness!

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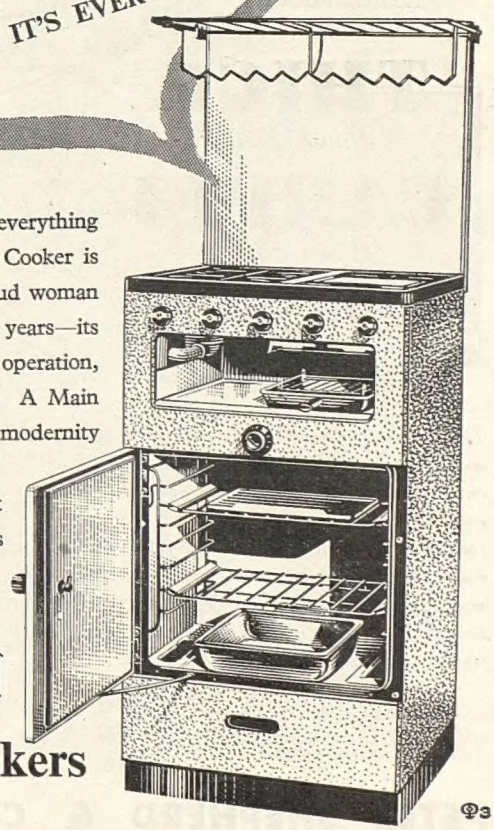

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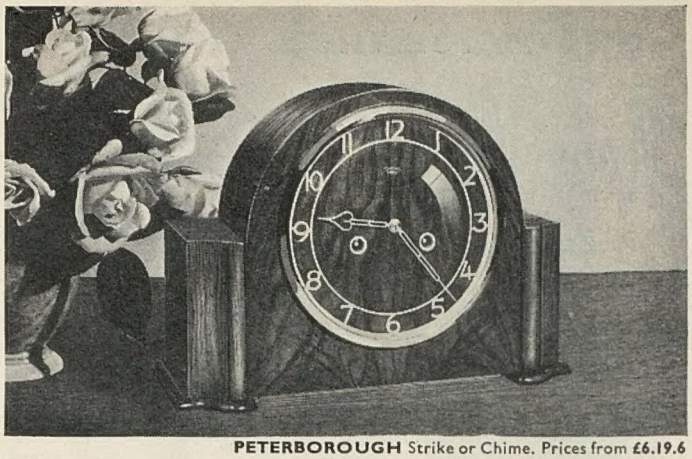

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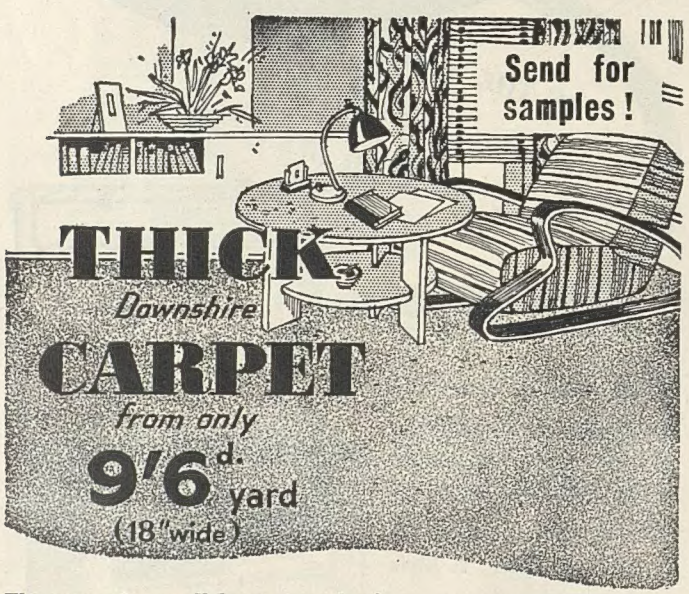

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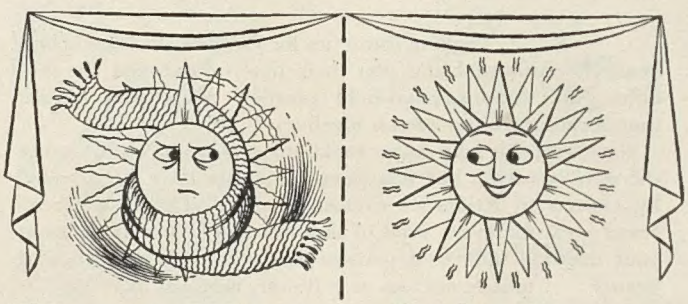

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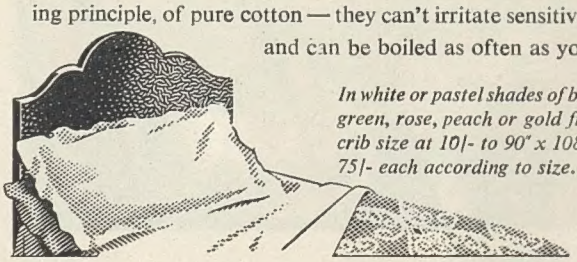

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MADE BY THE HOUSE OF Simplex

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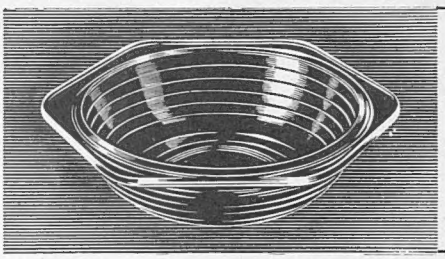
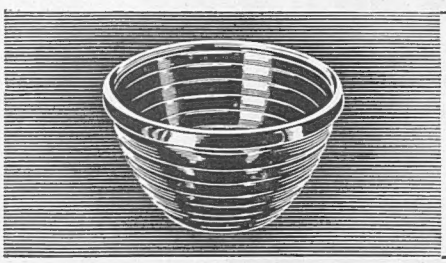
Add this new, beautifully designed mixing bowl to *your* collection of Phoenix glassware. It's heat-resisting—won't crack or craze—and it will *stay crystal-clear*. The bowl is conveniently marked at 1, 2, 3 and 4 fluid pint intervals for easy measuring. It's available either 'unlipped' *or* 'lipped' whichever you prefer. Ask your usual stockist to show you the full range of Phoenix clear glass ovenware *to-day*.



PHOENIX FRUIT PIE DISH—FPD-520 You'll have a score of uses for this beautiful dish. With six cereal plates (CP 400) it makes a perfect set for cereals, trifles, fruit and ice cream.



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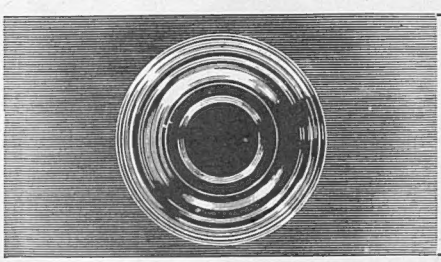

PHOENIX PLATE—PL-510. Grill your bacon, sausage or tomato on this Phoenix plate and take it piping hot straight to the breakfast table. In 4 sizes.

PHOENIX

REGT. TRADE MARK

THE CLEAR GLASS OVENWARE

PRONOUNCE IT FEE-NIX

that decorates your table

P.3

BRITISH HEAT-RESISTING GLASS COMPANY LTD · BILSTON · STAFFS

Put the children on OXO *!*

Children of all ages love a cup of delicious, beefy OXO. At mid-morning, lunch-time and bed-time hot OXO is always the favourite—and it does them lots of good.

My grocer says he always recommends

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(It's made in silver lined pans)

CHIVERS & SONS LTD.,
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GD108

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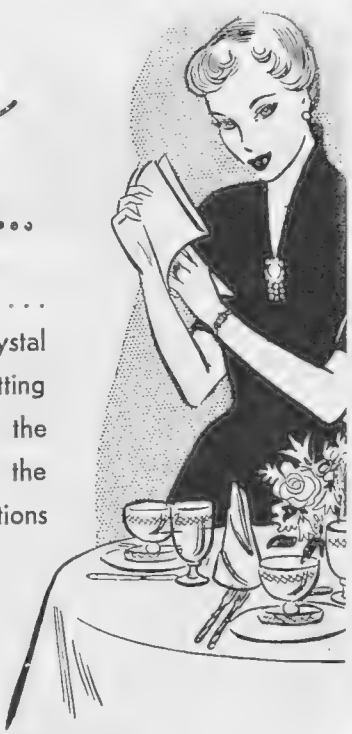

Brilliant, snow white table linen . . . shining glass . . . sparkling crystal . . . gleaming china . . . a setting of radiant brightness revealing the good taste of hostess and the efficiency of Parozone. Directions on the bottle label tell of many ways in which Parozone will spread its brightness throughout your home.

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SHE SAID TO HIM:

Take my basket, Jim: I'm worn out with cleaning those fireplaces!

HE SAID TO HER:

That's too bad, darling — can't we do something about it?

SHE GAVE HIM:

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HE GAVE HER:

Some lovely new GAS fires—and a COKE fire, lighted by gas, in the sitting room.

THE CONSEQUENCE WAS:

Mrs. Jones's house is beautifully warm, spotlessly clean, and she has more time to herself.

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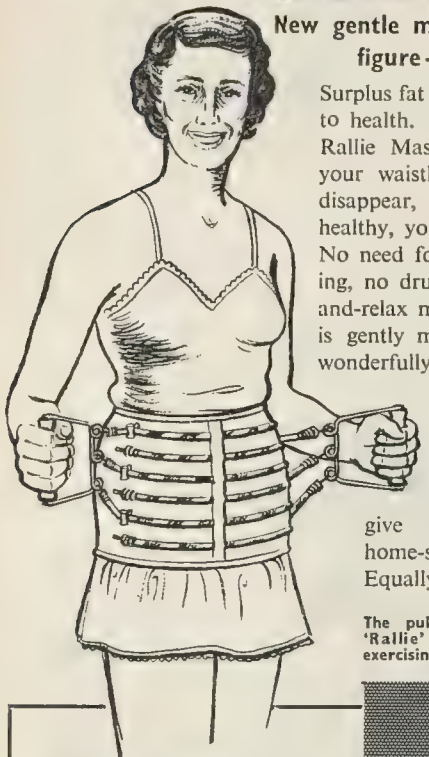
Issued by The Gas Council

EASE AWAY those extra inches

New gentle massage method trims your figure — stops 'middle-age spread'



Surplus fat is both a nuisance and a danger to health. A few minutes a day with the Rallie Massage Belt will give you back your waistline, make that 'corporation' disappear, and restore your figure to a healthy, youthful slimness.

No need for tiring physical jerks, no dieting, no drugs. Just a simple, easy stretch-and-relax movement — and your abdomen is gently massaged back into shape. It's wonderfully exhilarating, and it works wonders with your figure. You look better, you *feel* better.

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The pulling strands contract and relax the 'Rallie' Massage Apparatus alternately, exercising abdominal muscles and massaging internal organs.

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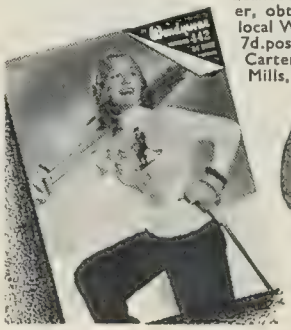
Wendywear Leaflets show you how easy it is with WENDY WOOL to knit yourself this exciting 'Ski-line' sweater—and many others. Wendywear Leaflets are not just stock patterns and instructions. They bring you up-to-the-minute creations — exclusive to Wendywear — that set the style in the Season's knitteds. If it's a Wendywear creation it's *NEW*, it's smart.



Leaflet No. 442, Ski-line Jumper, obtainable through your local Wool Shop, price 6d., or 7d. post free from Wendywear, Carter & Parker, Ltd., Gordon Mills, Guiseley, Near Leeds.

Wendy WOOL

★ **A HUSBAND CONFESSES—**

My dear wife — my conscience has been worrying me. For too long you have slaved on washdays and tried to keep laundry bills down — You deserve a break that's why

IT'S TIME YOU HAD A Thor

AUTOMAGIC WASHING MACHINE

Guilty husbands can salve their consciences with a Thor, the washing machine with these *exclusive* features: Super Agitator for maximum dirt extraction; Overflow Rinse, better than any number of ordinary rinses; Double Speed Spin Drying. No more hands in water, no more wringing, stooping, or lifting of wet garments. And with the special dish washing attachment the Thor *washes up* as well. Yet it costs only ½d. per wash to operate. Thor is just what every wife is waiting for.

★ *Easy payments available, dish-washing attachment optional.*

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CAVENDISH EASTBOURNE

Where they know what the last word in comfort is.

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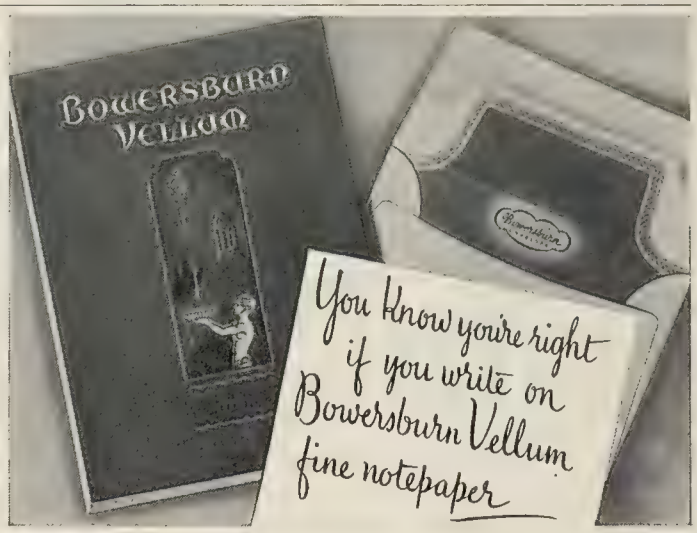

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CHEN YU

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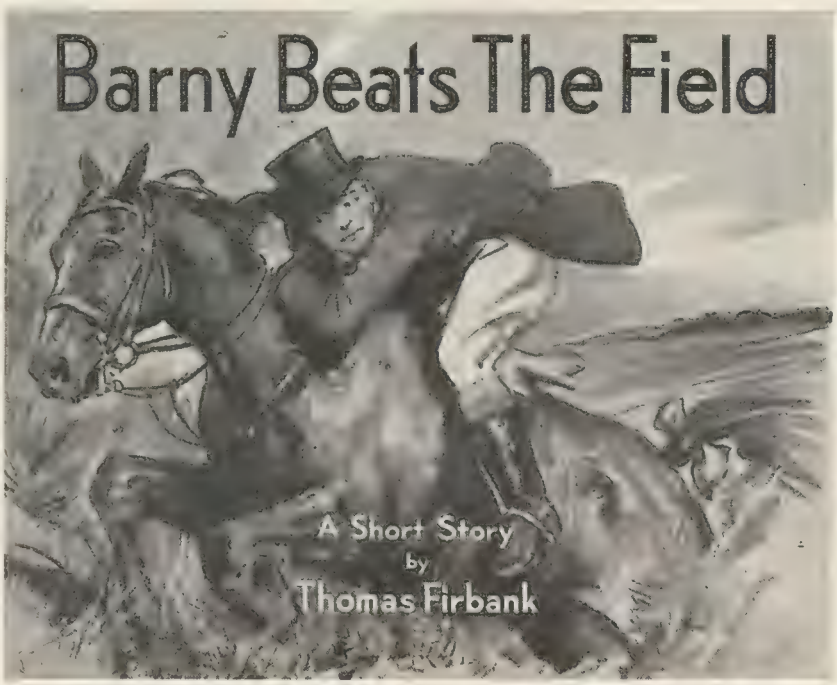
VIRGINIA was learning to play snooker under the expert tuition of Rider-Wetherby, who was so dissatisfied with the handling of the cue, that he had, himself, to readjust her grip at every shot

Barny Beats The Field



A Short Story
by
Thomas Firbank

WHEN Barny Ross received an invitation from Sir Hereward Waggoner, Bart. (pronounced "Wager") to visit at Bolter's House, Bucks, the young man was most exercised to know whether or not Sir Hereward's beautiful daughter, Virginia, had inspired the summons. Barny had only recently been introduced to the exquisite Virginia by her brother, Hector Waggoner, with whom he had been a close friend at the University. The meeting had been at Twickenham, immediately after a fierce struggle in which the Welsh had been worsted by Barny himself, fourteen other men of iron, a slippery ball, and, so said the Welsh, a dubious penalty.

When, fresh from his glory, Barny had clasped Virginia's hand, he felt a tingling sensation run up his arm, and was unable to let go, as when a man grasps a live electric terminal, until Virginia switched off the current.

Sir Hereward's letter made a brief reference to hunting, and placed the stables of Bolter's House at Mr. Ross's disposal. Barny, who was twenty-four, and who attended at his father's office when off the football field, had no close acquaintance with the hunting world. School and University had exacted all his time in preparation for Rugby matches and bouts of fisticuffs, and had discouraged him from risking mishap on so unstable a quadruped as the horse.

Immediately he had read the invitation, Barny sent a telegram of acceptance, telephoned to his indulgent parent to notify him of unavoidable absence for a few days, and visited a universal outfitters to equip himself for an equine experiment.

Barny arrived at Bolter's House in good time to change for dinner, and was warmly welcomed by Murchison, the butler, who next to a pre-war peerage, venerated a Sport more than anything in the world. At Bolter's, Sir Hereward refused to recognize social upheaval, and his wife and the staff conspired to leave him his illusions by the maintenance of the casual country-house atmosphere. Thus Barny was shown to his room without a glimpse of his host and hostess, or the corn-coloured locks of Virginia.

As he dressed, a rap on the door was followed by the long, pale face and bulbous spectacles of Hector, who blinked anxiously at him. Hector was as brilliant and studious as Barny was muscular and uneducated. The improbable friendship had begun at Oxford where Hector repeatedly put the resources of science at the disposal of the sporting fraternity. His genius was of a mechanical turn, and had several times been instrumental in heaping mockery upon the authorities.

"Hallo, Barny!" said Hector gravely, and immediately added inhospitably: "You shouldn't have come!"

"Shouldn't have come?" repeated Barny with indignation. "Why not? Doesn't Virginia know I'm here?"

"She knows!" said Hector. "She got father to ask you——"

"Well, if Virginia wants me——" began Barny, in a soulful voice.

"Ah!" interrupted Hector, "but Rider-Wetherby's here, too."

"That swine!" gasped Barny. Then hopefully: "Perhaps she needs a protector?"

"Not her," scoffed Hector. "Women go for a man with his reputation."

"But not Virginia!" said Barny, though without conviction. "Why, he took Betty Briggs to Italy only last summer and left her there, stranded. She and Virginia were schoolfriends."

"The ways of women are inscrutable," said Hector. "It must be the attraction of the moth for the candle. It was Virginia who suggested asking Rider-Wetherby down. Father agreed, of course, because he won't believe a good horseman can do any wrong. And there's no doubt the swab's superb on a gee-gee. That's why you shouldn't have come."

"Why?" inquired Barny, puzzled.

"He'll show you up! Now, if you could

get him in the ring, or persuade him to pick up a Rugger ball, it would be different. But on a nag—oh, no! In fact," added Hector cruelly, "the boot's on the other foot. You've never hunted. How many times have you ridden?"

"I had a donkey when I was a kid," said Barny optimistically.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Hector, then became serious. "Look here!" he hissed, in the conspiratorial manner which he had adopted at Oxford, "since you're here, I must help you. I've a plan. Needn't bother you with all the details. Main thing is, I've had a word with the head groom. He's mounting you on Goliath. He's a bit of a killer, but nothing else will take your weight, and anyway, all father's horses are vicious. They're going to exercise Goliath early, to take some of the ginger out of him before you hack the four miles to the meet at Great Itching."

"That won't help much!" said Barny ungratefully. Virginia and Rider-Wetherby'll be in at the kill, while I walk home without my horse and my new hat, and all covered with mud. Women hate being seen with a chap who makes a fool of himself."

Hector agreed with this eternal truth, but repeated his faith in his plan to discomfort Rider-Wetherby, and led Barny, remotely comforted, down to the Great Hall.

BARNY surveyed the horsy throng, drinking its pre-prandial cocktails, and saw Rider-Wetherby at once. The gallant captain was standing, handsome and sleek-haired, his back to the huge log-fire, his slim horseman's legs comfortably astride. A half-moon of women hung upon his words, and amongst the devotees and divorcees was the tender Virginia. Barny swerved swiftly through the guests with a skill acquired while gaining ground in the other team's twenty-five, and said:

"Hallo, Virginia!"

It seemed to him that the girl's eyes warmed at sight of him, and that the glorious blue orbs hardened as she glanced back at Rider-Wetherby. But perhaps this was fancy, for she greeted him no more cordially than a casual guest deserved, and busied herself only to wave him to a tray of drinks. Barny hovered with an alien timidity on the fringe of the captain's circle, and poured several cocktails into his large inside in the hope of comfort.

At dinner the captain scintillated. He described his exploits pig-sticking in India, Jap-shooting in the Arakan and horse-leaping at Olympia, London. The male half of his audience looked uneasy and non-committal, but their gaily-plumed partners preened their feathers, chirruped pretty cries of acclamation, and generally showed the captain that they fully appreciated his manly adventures. Virginia was the most fulsome of all.

Barny was so disgusted by Rider-Wetherby and so apprehensive for Virginia, that he could eat scarcely anything, but drained great bumpers of wine, as if the liquid had been beer. As the potent juices warmed his blood, the fixed stare with which he was regarding the captain became so aggressive that Hector, who was watching the situation as a master chess-player regards his pawns, kicked him upon his battle-scarred shins.

Having attracted Barny's attention, Hector flashed him a warning look, and the captain being temporarily engaged with a savoury, made a contribution to the conversation.

"In spite of your horsemanship, Wetherby, old boy," announced Hector, "I doubt if you'd live with Ross, here."

At this, there were exclamations of interest and surprise, the loudest coming from Barny himself.

"You wouldn't imagine a Rugger international had much time for hunting,"

THE whole field, jealous of their reputation as members of an exceptionally keen hunt, went off as if it were the start of a race. Barny had great difficulty in restraining the excited Goliath

Barny, aghast at the situation into which Hector's amazing statement had put him, forgot his animosity so far as to reply to the captain.

"When I was a kid we kept a donkey!" he explained, unhappily.

This, however, was taken by the company as a *bon mot* of extreme brilliance, and everybody rocked with mirth, until Rider-Wetherby, biting his lip with mortification at being the butt of so impertinent a rejoinder, lost all caution.

"I'm not a betting man," he stated

"went on Hector, gratified at the excitement his statement had caused. "But Ross is a wizard on a gee-gee—and such an eye for a line of country! Why, I don't mind betting he's the only one in at the kill . . . provided, of course, you get a punishing run."

Captain Rider-Wetherby, who was constantly in need of ready money, showed interest.

"Perhaps you ride a good deal outside the football season, Mr. Ross?" he inquired, cautiously.

unctuously, "but it might make the run interesting if we had a little side-stake, say a pony. . . !"

"If you mean £25, evens," interrupted Hector, "I'll take you. Ross doesn't bet. He promised his mother."

Sir Hereward broke into the discussion, not altogether liking his table being turned into a betting-ring.

"I hope your work at the White City hasn't given you the betting habit, my boy!" he boomed down the table. "Hector has won some reputation as

"HE took Betty Briggs to Italy," explained Virginia, "and the brute left her there. So I thought I'd lead him on until he asked me to go away with him"

a mechanic," he explained not without pride, "and the Greyhound Racing authorities have allowed him to experiment with a new control for their electric hares. . . . !"

Here Hector, squinting under the pressure of a curious agitation, interrupted his father's revelations with fresh taunts to Rider-Wetherby, and several fictitious stories of Barny's skill on a horse.

FOR Barny the rest of the evening was miserable. He wandered like an earthbound spirit from room to room. There was, it is true, a number of ladies willing to chat with the rugged Rugby international, country houses having many nooks suited to such conversations, but the young hero would have none of his admirers, and pursued his search for Virginia until he finally found that would-be burnt offering in the billiard-room. She was learning to play snooker under the expert tuition of Rider-Wetherby, who was so dissatisfied with her handling of the cue, that he had, himself, to re-adjust her grip at every shot.

The captain made, in a good year, as much as £500 by his skill with the cue, and Barny was under no delusions as to the professional uses to which his dexterity was put.

"How much do you charge for a lesson?" he asked Virginia's tutor, with a melodramatic sneer.

"I teach some people for love," smiled the unruffled Rider-Wetherby. As for his pupil, she tossed her head at the angry intruder, and the wretched Barny strode off to find Hector. He ran him to earth behind the locked door of his study.

"Who's there?" yelled a startled voice.

Barny made himself known, and after a short delay the door opened about fifteen inches, and Hector sidled out, closing it and locking it behind him. But Barny had quick eyesight, and had seen something sitting on a chair that made him doubt the evidence of his senses.

"What the hell was that on the chair? It looked like a . . . !"

"Sh!" hissed Hector, darting anxious glances round him. He led his friend into the butler's pantry, from which Murchison was absent, and produced a bottle of Taylor's '08 out of a cupboard. At last, in answer to Barny's inquiring glances he spoke.

"What do you think you saw?" he asked, determined to give away no more than was necessary.

"A fox!" said Barny, uncompromisingly.

"That's my secret!" answered Hector in a stage whisper. "With that fox we shall confound Wetherby. You see, Barny, it's a tame one. I had it when it was a puppy—I mean cub." Hector eyed the incredulous Barny anxiously, "I've got it trained," he went on, refilling both glasses. "What I want you to do is this." He pulled a one-inch ordnance map out of his pocket, and spread it on the table.

"Now here's Great Itching, where they meet to-morrow. They'll move off and draw this wood. Bonzo—that's my fox's name," he explained, "will be there in readiness. Drink your port!"

Hector studied Barny's face intently, and refused to go on until the two glasses had been refilled for the third time.

"When they find, you must make straight for this point, where the road passes through a spinney. Take no notice of hounds, and don't worry which way the field goes. You see, I've trained Bonzo to make for this spinney, *but he won't go there direct.*"

Here Hector, who was coming to the crux of his story, insisted on drinking a toast to Bonzo, and, satisfied with the condition of his friend Barny, continued :

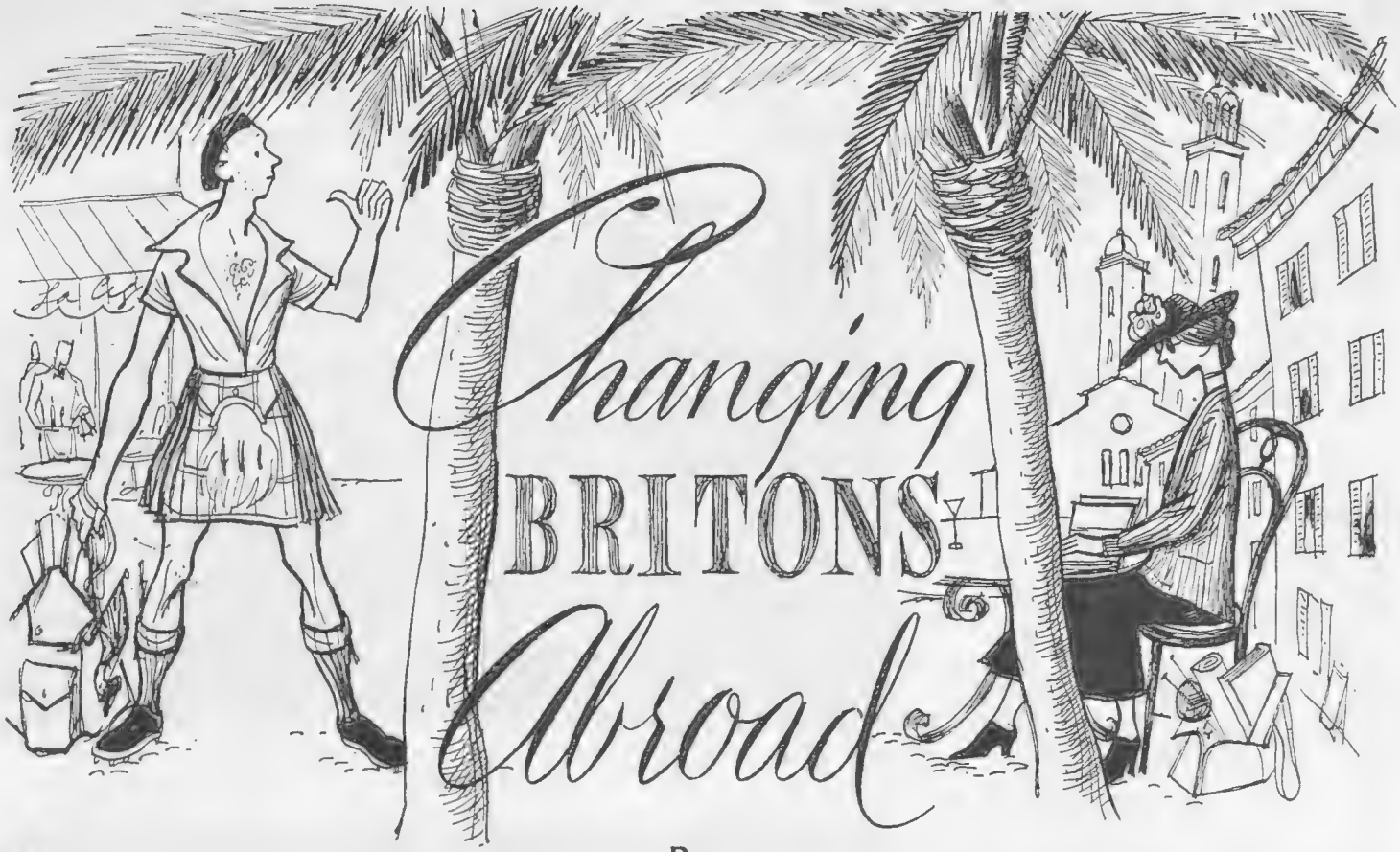
"No! Bonzo will run for the spinney in a series of wide zig-zags. You, riding direct, will only have to cover four miles, but Bonzo will lead the field twice as far before he reaches the goal. I have instructed him," he added, becoming reckless, "to run in view of hounds, so that the pack will certainly out-distance the field."

"What then?" asked Barny, automatically reaching for the bottle.

Hector helped himself, too, and then regarded his companion fixedly.

"Bobsy Charly!" he exclaimed, suddenly.

This so puzzled Barny that he finished his port at a sacrilegious gulp, and (*Continued on page* 56)



Changing BRITONS Abroad

By
Ferdinand Tuohy

THE public prints never fail to tell about British tourists, their behaviour, difficulties and opinions, together with the impression they create in foreign lands; or if it isn't the tourist genus outright, then it's some current offshoot—like hikers who hitch holidays by appealing to the foreigner's generosity, conducted schoolchildren licking their ice-creamy way through a day in Paris, "study groups" in wild hair, shorts and spectacles.

I should like to turn the spotlight briefly on another type of whom one hardly ever hears, yet who played quite a rôle until only yesterday; one whose habits and idiosyncracies brightened many a book and left foreign hosts to weigh amusing and often endearing qualities against a superior shyness and insular bearing which sometimes went by other names; a type who used to be much more considered than he is to-day; yes, the British resident abroad.

To this harassed and diminishing tribe whose members are now vouchsafed the "concession" to live abroad only after they have satisfied little short of a searching tribunal, the most eloquent single loss is the inability to choose with any freedom where one wants to live. What used to be an inalienable right even of the caveman, has been grabbed by the State.

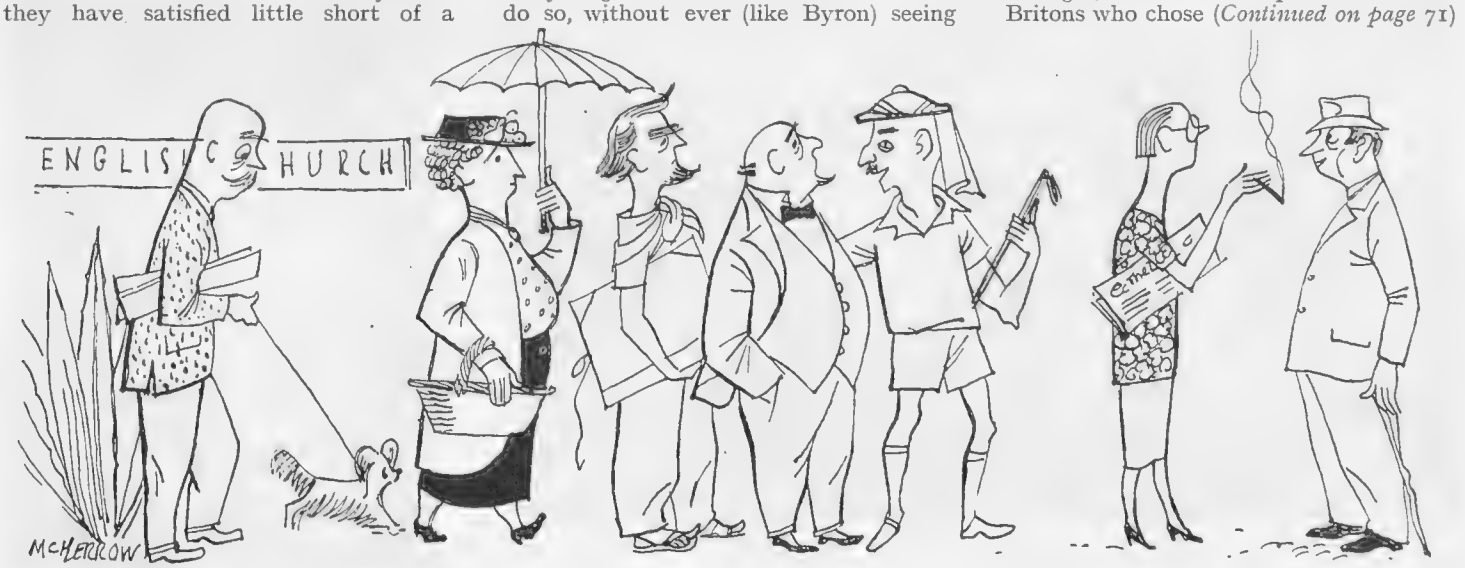
If others have likewise hobbled their nationals (example: the French "colony" in London has dropped from 25,000 to 6,000) it sticks out most with the British whose foreign "colonies" flourished the longest, and were spread the widest.

Perhaps the first alarm signal was heard at the time of the 1931 slide in sterling, rock of all these "colonies" and individual stayaways, yet as late as 1939 one could say any morning in London, "I'm going to live in Italy," and be on one's way ere nightfall, having completed all necessary transactions to stay away for good, if one so desired. And could do so, without ever (like Byron) seeing England again, while continuing to draw the wherewithal to live from that sceptred isle.

Of course, anything like that is now out of the question; there just isn't the money to meet what might prove something of an exodus, were the barriers lifted. Some degree of braking has to be applied on taking money out of the country and living abroad on it.

The question is, whether the braking hasn't been too harsh and something of a boomerang, whether the impoverishment and consequent falling-away of these British "colonies" haven't brought a loss of prestige whose eventual significance in trade and in other ways, the powers-that-be are failing to allow for.

I suppose it was the rise of British power in the eighteenth century which really started these Continental "colonies," although a few historical cases existed prior to that—Calais, Hanover, Bruges, Bordeaux come readily to mind. One of the rare books dealing with the subject, Miss Rose Macaulay's *Visitors to Portugal*, tells of 'the peculiar run of Britons who chose (*Continued on page 71*)



Those Who Settle

ALL whose business takes them to equatorial regions overseas must put up with a lot of hazards. Those plucky planters in Malaya have to cope with murdering bandits. Our sympathy must go out to them because they are usually more isolated than their official and commercial brethren; we all wish we could go out *en masse* to Malaya and eradicate every nihilist in the country.

I have been a settler-planter myself, and there are enough unpleasant things to cope with besides thugs and wild beasts. To begin with, the peoples we often live among in the tropics do not practise our ideas of cleanliness, and hence they suffer from violent epidemics which have a habit of raging in the neighbourhood.

People drop dying from the plague in the streets of a town, as I have seen with my own eyes; a house-servant contacts a smallpox case in the local village, and then the overworked medical officer ropes in a settler to become a volunteer vaccinator of the populace. One's office becomes the centre of a sea of sweaty, unwashed people awaiting their turn, their skins varying in toughness; some with hides like that of a rhinoceros require rough treatment to produce a scratch, while others with skins like satin must have gentler treatment or suffer in consequence. Babies cry, mothers talk, amidst the heat and dust and smells. What a God-sent blessing is a bath with lots of good, clean soap! An ayah minded our children for months until under her silken sarong was discovered the beginnings of leprosy!

One's house becomes a kind of redoubt, a retreat, a safe haven from so many threats and ills. There should be a smell of carbolic about the place, to combat some of these odours outside. A water sterilizer or a filter reposes in a corner to provide a barrier against water-borne diseases. Milk and foodstuffs must be boiled and thoroughly cooked and then placed in safety beneath gauze covers; in fact the whole house is often caged in gauze to keep out mosquitoes and flies.

The author's house in Morogoro, Tanganyika. A lioness was shot on the entrance road beside the dark tree on the right of the picture

The house becomes a kind of redoubt, a safe haven. A view of the interior of a house in which the author lived at Bukoba

The author demonstrating to some natives at Marangu, Kilimanjaro. (*On right*) Juma-bin-Asmani the author's cook for fourteen years

Overseas

By A. E. Haarer

A house in Bukoba, Tanganyika. The windows are glazed to keep out the lake flies—from Lake Victoria—when they swarm

A district road in Sukumaland, Tanganyika. England after these wide open spaces seems like a doll's playground

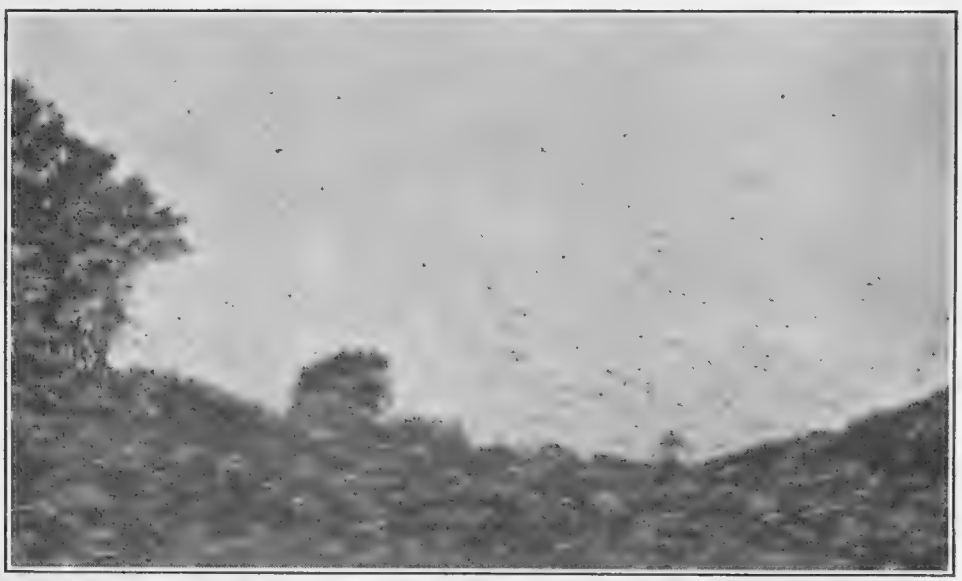
Who Was A Settler-Planter For Seven Years And Was For Fifteen Years In The Colonial Agricultural Service

There's a flit gun ready for those that come in by accident!

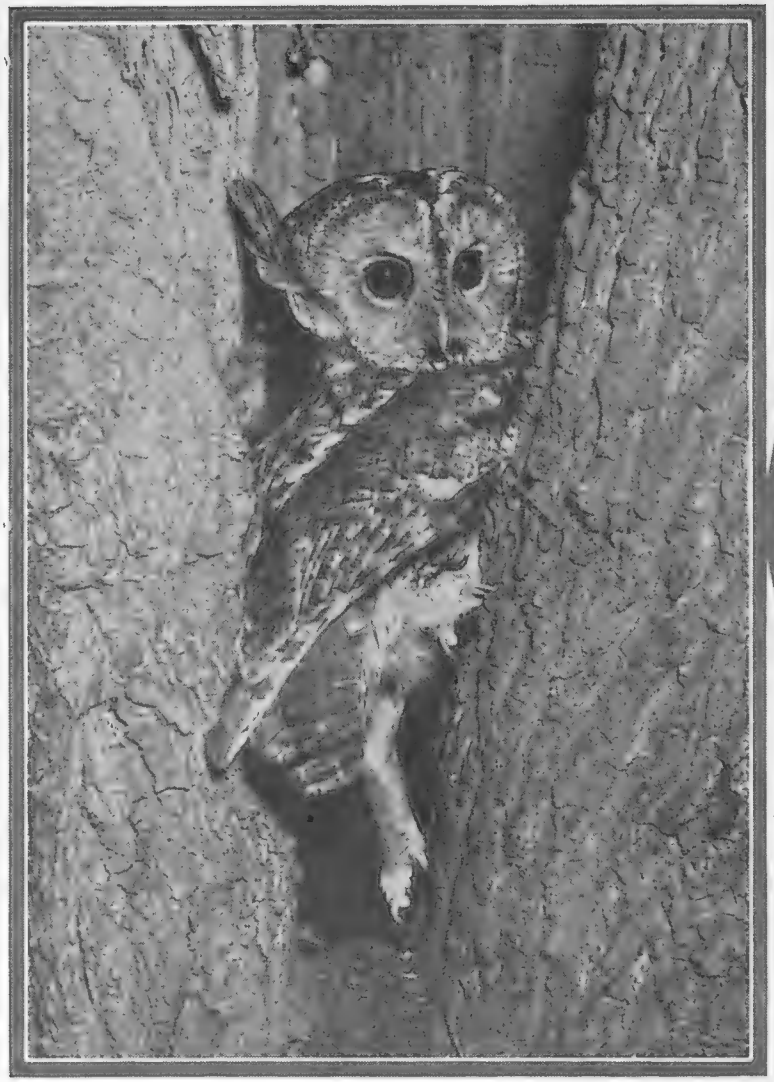
WHY does a settler ever brave these things, and his wife be eager to accompany him? Is it the blazing heat for days on end in exchange for the uncertainties of the English climate? We have to wear unwieldy and ugly sun-hats whenever we go outside; and then comes the prolonged wet season with its floods and torrents, its steamy atmosphere and the ceaseless drip from the veranda eaves. There are violent thunderstorms and oppressive nights with only a towel covering one's middle; steady trade winds and monsoons that blow all papers off the desk; they slam doors, and rasp one's nerves because of the never-ceasing rustle and bustle of their passage. One cannot shut up the house or it becomes an oven, and the wind feels as if it had just lifted from the Gobi Desert.

Is it the scenery that attracts? Perhaps, a little, for it is often very lovely in a gorgeous way, and often so vast and elemental that it does something to one's soul. There are broad vistas stretching to the horizon, and merging with the blue sky behind a glorious pinky haze. One grows accustomed to such surroundings, to the thunder of a waterfall in a nearby ravine, or the sight of the planted contours below the house over the tops of the trees. England afterwards seems like a doll's playground with its patchwork of fields, its catchpenny sideshows and vulgar hoardings. One feels one cannot breathe!

"Out there"; such boring words to the folk at home when they have heard them a dozen times; but, out there, every white man is a master of men, and his wife a mistress (*Continued on page* 54)



A picture showing a swarm of locusts taken on the slopes of Kilimanjaro. (*On left*)
An eland shot by the author near Lake Chala, N. Province, Tanganyika



(*On left*) The Tawny Owl. In every month of the year one may be wakened by the eerie hooting of these birds
(*Below*) The Little Owl. Their dog-like yapping can be heard at any hour of the day and night

(*Photographs by Eric J. Hosking and A. R. Thompson*)

Noises In The Night

By Garth Christian

NO night is silent in the countryside. In every month of the year one may be wakened by the eerie hooting of the tawny owls, a sound now familiar to Londoners living in the vicinity of Kensington Gardens. The call is not a hunting cry. It is usually uttered while the bird is perched on a bough of some giant tree where he warns rival owls to keep out of his territory.

More often his "Hoo-hoo-hoo" seems to be aimed at his mate who usually—though not always—lodges in another tree some hundreds of yards away. She answers his cries with a hoarse "Kewick-kewick," then flies off in search of mice and rats and beetles, or even young rabbits, with which to feed the owlets who perch on some branch near to the hole in the tree where they were born.

No sooner do the parents move into sight than the young owlets utter a fierce hissing sound which increases as the food is seen. Stimulated by these cries and by the sight of the open bills of the young birds, the parents hurry forward and drop the food into the gaping bills. Tawny owls usually prefer to eat their food whole and I have often watched adults gulping down whole rats and mice and small birds. A young rabbit, on the other hand, may have to be divided into small portions before it is fed to small owlets.

The bird making the most noise is usually the one to be fed first. Since some days elapse between the birth of each owlet—incubation starting (*Continued on page* 74)

(*On right*) The Fox. As night closes about the woods, the dog fox utters his short, sharp barking, repeated several times in quick succession (*Above centre*) The Nightjar. It's weird song can only be likened to a stick being dragged along railings

Flat To Let

What was the cause of the hurried removal of a pair of tenants from the Georgian house in a street of quiet dignity and solemn respectability?

By R. J. Minney

ON Sunday mornings, as the church bells clanged, the Stansgates were seen to walk arm in arm along Randolph Row in the direction away from the High Street

THE thing that struck you most about Randolph Row was its calm and its dignity. Its beauty was restrained, as is the way with Georgian architecture, but there wasn't a flaw in it, not a single house that was out of keeping. Artists painted it as the most perfect example to be found in London of an unspoiled Georgian street and photographs of it were exhibited in America and elsewhere and gazed at with glazed admiration.

It was all the more remarkable that this façade should have been maintained intact when one realized that very few of the houses had been left unaltered inside. Only three or four were in single occupation. The others had been divided up into flats; but the curtains, the window boxes, although scarcely planned in concert, sustained the propriety of their appearance.

Even at the estate agent's in the High Street, alongside the antique shop, no reference was ever made to the flats there, for they never came on the market. "Oh no," the young assistant with the small moustache said with a supercilious toss of his head. "They are passed on privately."

"But some of the people must be old. What happens when they die?"

He merely shook his head and smiled knowingly.

At No. 4, for instance, divided into three flats, the top one was occupied by a woman aged seventy-nine. She was the widow of a peer and was herself ailing. She never left her home. Occasionally a great-niece came to see her and was expected to take possession of the flat and effects when Lady Merchison died.

Just below lived Mr. and Mrs. Stansgate. Neighbours saw Mr. Stansgate leave just before nine o'clock every morning, a tall, handsome man with a neat, greying moustache, twirled slightly at the ends, a black hat and a furled umbrella. He was always so well dressed that you would have sworn he had his hair trimmed every day. Mrs. Stansgate, also tall, with a straight and slender figure, was seen to emerge just before lunch, wearing a hat, a veil and elbow length gloves. There was an Edwardian dignity in her bearing, which she must have acquired from her mother, for she was no more than fifty years old herself and would have been in her early girlhood in the Edwardian era. She walked up Randolph Row with all the stately dignity of one walking across the lawns of Buckingham Palace to curtsey to the King and Queen, then turned into the High Street, still sustaining her gait, and entered, always at precisely the same hour, the tiny restaurant known as the Glass Pheasant, where she had her lunch, after which she returned to her flat on the first floor in Randolph Row. Her beauty was waning, but one could see that her features were attractive under the heavy white make-up, the nose small and well-chiselled, the chin firm, the forehead wide, the eyes a bright blue. Her hair was grey and dressed in an Edwardian pile, built up with the greatest care. Not even the wind dared to ruffle it.

In the evenings, after her husband returned from the City or Whitehall, one wasn't quite sure which, they had a meal at home, apparently prepared by herself, for they had no servant, save for the cleaning done daily by Mrs. Signet, who

Illustrated by

D. L. Wynne

spent an hour or so in each of the three flats in turn. They had no car. They went out rarely, and, as rarely, visitors came to see them.

BELOW them, in the flat on the ground floor, lived an artist, who looked like a retired naval officer and was in fact a commodore, who had lost a leg in the service of the country. He had a trim triangular beard and was very deaf, which led to his voice rising occasionally above the pitch required in Randolph Row, since he could not hear to regulate it. Commodore Weeley's wife, Ann, was his junior by some years. She was small and well shaped and her hair was still blonde though she had turned forty. But by no standard could you have called her pretty. Her face was long and thin and her eyes dim behind thick glasses; but she possessed an intense vitality of which one was immediately conscious. It smouldered continuously inside her and gave her a vibrant personality that was decidedly attractive. She went out to work every morning, but where she worked nobody could be sure and in an atmosphere such as Randolph Row's, however great one's curiosity, one never inquired.

ON her way to work little Ann Weeley was often seen carrying her husband's latest canvas under her arm to the antique shop in the High Street, where the picture was exhibited in the window for a week or so.

Very rarely was it sold, for it was old fashioned in technique and restrained in its use of colour. The subjects were generally architectural: some old, leaning cottages the other side of the Park, and, inevitably, Randolph Row under a wide variety of moods that only the weather could produce. But every now and again it was a nude—a woman with her head averted, but the slightness of her stature and the hint of gold in her hair made one suppose that the artist's wife had been the model. Sometimes in the evening Ann was seen to return with a large flat parcel wrapped in brown paper, which was unmistakably the picture one no longer stopped to gaze at in the antique shop window.

Here, on the ground floor, life was sometimes discernible through the curtains. The commodore sat with a mug of beer beside him, his glasses on his nose and the evening paper held out with both hands. His wife bustled about decorously, preparing the meal, setting the table, sewing and mending, the wireless on, but since he couldn't hear it, he would lower the paper to pass comments on what he had read, to which she responded with nods and signs in the midst of a musical programme or a play.

On Sunday mornings, as the church bells clanged, the Stansgates were seen to emerge and to walk arm in arm along Randolph Row in the direction away from the High Street. An hour or so later they returned, still linked in felicity, to the luncheon that on this day only Mrs. Stansgate prepared in her home. The Weeleys went to church irregularly. A taxi, which had presumably been phoned for, would pull up, and the commodore would hobble through the front door on his crutches, with Ann just behind him, drawing on her gloves.

Nothing more of their lives was known. One didn't even know their front names, except the commodore's which appeared on his pictures—it was Martin—and they had heard him call her Ann when his voice rose above the regulated pitch. Stansgate's initial, as they could see from the bell on the front door, was B. His wife's there was not a hint of. That their lives were unruffled by passing events no one could doubt, for one acquired the ancestral memories of these houses when one entered into possession, and emotions and passions, joys and sufferings were strictly veiled and known in varying measure by the bank managers and the tradesmen. Mrs. Signet, who was gaunt and forbidding and had all the aloofness of a missionary, knew a little more, but she was not disposed to gossip, except perhaps within her own circle, which was in another part of London.

ONE day a stray dog yapped at Martin Weeley's large window as he stood painting inside. He had arranged in a glass vase the daffodils and narcissi his wife had been seen to bring home the night before. He did not hear the dog bark, but seeing it out there opening and shutting its mouth and wagging

THE door of the room was abruptly opened and Mrs. Stansgate strode across their pale blue carpet with quicker and wider steps than she had ever taken before

its tail friendlily, he talked to it through the pane of glass and, after a while, picking up his crutches, he came to the front door and lurched and jerked his way down the steps to stroke the dog's tiny head with his large, hairy hand. When he turned to leave, the dog, whining and wagging, followed him and for a day or two it lived with the Weeleys. But Ann was seen to take it off under her arm one morning, with much affectionate muttering as the dog flicked a tiny red tongue out at her nose, while the commodore followed her with sad eyes from his window. Mrs. Stansgate, it appeared from the few hints Mrs. Siguet had let drop, had objected, as the barking had kept her awake at night, and it was the strict rule under which tenants had been admitted that there should be neither children nor dogs and that the wireless should be turned down after a certain hour at night.

MANY humdrum months followed. There was a new nude in the antique shop in the High Street, more alluring than any that had been seen there before, and it had been sold quickly. Little Ann Weeley walked with a gayer, sprightlier step. The commodore could be seen chortling at his window while he painted. Mr. Stansgate went and came from his work with immaculate regularity and his wife tick-tocked to and from lunch with staid and stately dignity.

Then one evening, while the wireless was on downstairs, as the commodore put down his mug of beer and began slowly filling his pipe, the door of the room was abruptly opened and Mrs. Stansgate strode across their pale blue carpet with quicker and wider steps than she had ever taken before. She might have knocked, Martin would not have heard her. She walked angrily towards Ann Weeley. Martin saw her small, refined mouth expand to an immense size, as though she were shouting, which in itself was surprising, but with startling suddenness, she followed it up with a storm of blows with her clenched fist upon little Ann Weeley's face and head.

Ann did not accept them passively, but retaliated with equal vigour, tearing apart Mrs. Stansgate's well groomed head of grey hair.

As he looked in bewilderment from one to the other of these two women whom he had always regarded as well bred and well behaved and who to his knowledge had in all these years of proximity never exchanged more than a polite nod of greeting and an occasional word about the weather, Martin noticed in the doorway the elegant but now dismayed figure of Mr. Stansgate, standing immobile, his lips pursed, attempting neither to speak nor to separate the women. What the cause was of this invasion and onslaught Martin was unable to guess. "Is it about the dog?" he asked, but nobody troubled to answer. "I did want to keep one," he said, trying to explain it to Stansgate, "I asked Ann to have a word with your (*Continued on page 77*)

A Nursery In The Zoo

By Craven Hill

EACH year during the summer months the London Zoo's gate receipts exhibit a sharp and—from the Society's viewpoint—highly satisfactory rise. Nor does one have to look far for the explanation. True, this period includes the school holiday season, the time when the harassed paterfamilias is apt to receive from young Junior a tactful reminder that the annual Zoo visit is long overdue! That, however, is not the whole of the story. A much more likely reason is that, although births in the Gardens occur all the year round, summer is essentially the season when the Zoo "nurseries" are full, and baby animals, with their almost universal appeal, are making their bow to the world. In short, it is the Zoo babies which draw the crowd and help materially to fill the Zoological Society's coffers.

Occasionally, a particular nursery will receive overwhelming Press publicity. Results then can, indeed, be startling. One has only to think of Brumas, the first polar bear ever to be reared in this country, whose birth, in November, 1949, followed as it was by a publicity campaign that must have been the envy of many a human film star, set the Zoo turnstiles clicking to the tune of 5,000 visitors (and £400!) an hour—and kept them busy clicking all through the ensuing summer.

First polar bear ever reared in England—the famous Brumas. A picture taken by the author on Brumas's first public appearance at the age of three months

An important Zoo nursery—an Arctic whooper swan proudly takes her five fluffy cygnets for a swim

I REMEMBER often being asked to account for the phenomenal popularity of Brumas. The answer, I think, was really threefold. The daily Press played its part, certainly. But there was more behind it than that. Main reason for the gross overcrowding of the Mappin Terrace corridors day after day was the fact that this fascinating, white-coated baby fairly hypnotized all comers with hours of non-stop comedy. It was not that Brumas was just a lovable, cuddly baby bear. She was an acrobat, a ballerina, and an almost human imp, all rolled into one! Nor should we overlook the wonderful example, flawless in its perfection, of "mother-love" exhibited by the cub's mother, Ivy. That, too, held many spellbound.

As Zoo Correspondent on a daily paper, it has been my privilege to view many Zoo nurseries in their early stages, and I was, I suppose, one of the first to inspect the polar bear ménage. And I shall never forget Ivy's model behaviour as she gave her offspring its breakfast, and later, licked its coat with an almost feline tenderness; nor, at a later stage still, her solicitude as she taught Brumas to swim and to dive. Certainly, in all my thirty years' connection with the menagerie, I have never seen a better animal mother.

The desire to be simultaneously amused and instructed is, of course, the main appeal of every Zoo nursery. And one thing is certain. The wish may be gratified by many animals far less important in the zoological sense than the over-publicised polar bear. One can learn much even from the humblest nurseries.

One of the most delightful sights visitors enjoyed recently, for example, was watching a young prairie marmot being carefully instructed in "table manners" by his mother. Every morning, when the sun had warmed the ground surface, out would come the marmots from their burrow; whereupon the mother, having picked up a titbit, would by her example show her son how to squat up on his haunches, balance himself by the use of his short stumpy tail, and hold and manipulate the food in his inexperienced, faltering forepaws. There was something delightfully human in these elementary object lessons in deportment; and they were not without their educational value, either, showing as they did, that baby animals have to learn how to do things (*Continued on page* 68)

An amusing reptile house nursery—six baby crocodiles. On right—This grotesque-looking youngster is a Bauer's parakeet, hatched from a clutch of eggs laid at the pheasantry

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY first met Lady Penelope Devereux at Chartley Castle when she was a lovely girl of twelve years old with dark, shining eyes

Sir Philip Sidney's "Stella"

The Story Of His Overmastering Passion For Lady Penelope Devereux Which Inspired His Immortal Poem "Astrophel and Stella"

Written by Arnold Wareing

Illustrated by Jack Matthew

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY called her "Stella" in his poems, but when he first met her in 1575 at her home, Chartley Castle, she was Lady Penelope Devereux, daughter of the Earl of Essex, a lovely girl of twelve with dark, shining eyes. Did he notice her unduly? Probably not, for to a handsome youth nearly twenty-one twelve is almost infancy, to be looked down upon and patronized.

Besides, was he not with the illustrious Queen Elizabeth and her ladies? Were they not newly come from the masques and festivities held in the Queen's honour by his uncle, Leicester, at Kenilworth Castle? Why should one used to the beauty of Court ladies at balls and masques notice a dark little country mouselet of a mere dozen summers?

The seventeen days' wonder at Kenilworth, the pomp and splendour of it, still dazzled him. The floating stand on the torch-lit pool, with nymphs attending my Lady of the Lake, and triumphal music. The Queen's progress over the ornamental bridge set with luscious presents for her: wild fowl, rare fruits, corn, wine, fish, and other gifts from the Gods. The shows and sports, the Chase of "a Savage Man, with Satyrs," the Bear-Baitings, Fireworks, Italian Tumblers, Bride-Ale, Morris Dancing, the Coventry Play, *Hocks-Tuesday*, depicting the Destruction of the Danes in King Ethelred's time.

Above all, the aquatic spectacles: Orion on a Dolphin, a Triton riding on a Mermaid 18 ft. long; the firework set-pieces of serpents of fire, birds flying, cats and dogs fighting, a courtyard fountain throwing wine, water and fire, and in the moat "a dragon as big as an ox which will fly twice or thrice as high as the tower of St. Paul's, and at that height will burn away, and suddenly will issue from its whole body dogs, cats and birds which will scatter fire on all sides." The royal feasting, the hogsheads of beer—320 at least. . . . Enough to turn the head and heart of any fine young courtier.

When Penelope's father, who was in Ireland at the time, returned in the autumn, young Sidney became intimate with the family at their London mansion, Durham House, and saw much of her. When, the following summer, Essex went back to Ireland as Earl-Marshal, Philip accompanied him to visit his father, then Lord Deputy. In September, Essex, stricken with a painful illness, died, and on his deathbed sent a message to Philip in Galway :

"Tell him I sent him nothing, but wish him well; so well that, if God do move their hearts, I wish that he might match with my daughter. I call him son; he is so wise, virtuous, and godly. If he go on in the course he hath begun, he will be as famous and worthy a gentleman as ever England bred."

So there was the match ready made, sanctified by a father's deathbed blessing. Why was there no betrothal? For one thing, the Sidneys were relatively poor. Shortly after her husband's death Lady Essex married the rich Earl of Leicester, which put Philip into the background. His father, Sir Henry, appears to have had a grudge against Essex, as against the Earl of Ormond, writing of them both that, for their malice, he could "brook nothing of them both," and therefore was not likely to favour the match.

But the main fact seems to be that Philip just wasn't in love, or not sufficiently to want to marry. He liked Penelope, yes, was even charmed by her, but inclined to take her for granted. Marriage? Well, any time would do, if marriage it had to be.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY and Edward de Vere, the young Earl of Oxford, glared at each other in haughty silence, then Philip turned contemptuously on his heels, implying that the dispute could best be settled elsewhere

Meantime, there was his career. True, he was too cultured to like Court life, its intrigues and trivialities, but he might use his favour with the Queen as a stepping-stone to adventure and fame. . . .

In the spring of 1577 she chose him for a diplomatic mission more after his own heart: to visit foreign princes at Heidelberg, Prague, the Netherlands; and it is an indication of the seriousness with which he took his mission that in the houses where he stayed he had tablets fixed carrying his arms and an inscription in Latin: "Of the most illustrious and well-born English gentleman, Philip Sidney, son of the Viceroy of Ireland, nephew of the Earls of Warwick and Leicester, Ambassador from the Most Serene Queen of England to the Emperor."

BACK in England, he attended the Queen at Court, followed her on royal visits, wrote a masque, *The Lady of the May*, when Leicester entertained her at his Wanstead house. Then he fell from favour for criticizing her projected marriage to the Duke of Anjou on political and religious grounds. "MOST FEARED AND BELOVED, MOST SWEET AND GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN," he would begin his petition, and then proceed, in diplomatic but unmistakable language, to beg her *not* to marry this Catholic prince.

Edward de Vere, the young Earl of Oxford, who flattered her, was resolved that she should; and we have a picture of the two rivals, during Anjou's visit, bandying hot words on the tennis-court, as to who had the prior right to play, while "the Frog's" French gentlemen, drawn to the gallery windows by the brawl, watched from above. "Puppy!" fumed Oxford; and again, "Puppy!" Philip gave him the lie direct, they glared at each other in haughty silence, then Philip turned contemptuously on his heel, implying that the dispute could best be settled elsewhere. Later he sent Oxford a challenge, but the Queen intervened, the storm blew over.

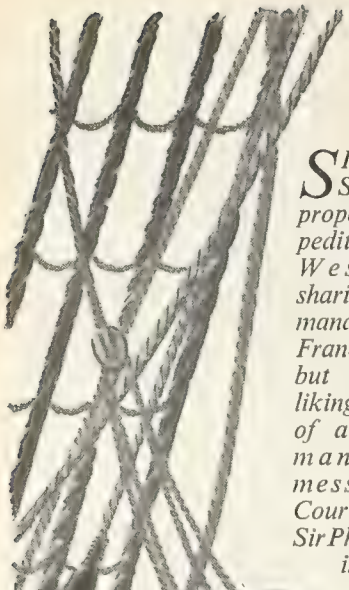
IN discreet retirement at the Wilton home of his sister, the Countess of Pembroke, he wrote his pastoral work, *The Arcadia*. And Penelope, all this time? Whatever tender thoughts she cherished of Philip, they did not prevent her becoming secretly engaged to a youth of her own age, Charles Blount, and then, under family pressure, suddenly marrying the Lord Chancellor's son, Lord Rich, against her wish, and embarking on what, from the start, was doomed to be a hapless, loveless union.

The effect on Philip, when news of the match came to him in 1580, was to make him at last the crazy, importunate lover. The jewel he had neglected was now in the possession of another, a pearl of inestimable price, and one cast before swine; for he despised and detested

> . . . that rich fool, who by blind Fortune's lot
> The richest gem of love and life enjoys,
> And can with foul abuse such beauties blot.

In the poem-sequence *Astrophel and Stella* he traced the whole passionate wooing from sentiment, adoration and high hope to defeat and ultimate resignation. He pursued Penelope married, as he had never pursued her single; and she,

HE pursued Penelope married, as he had never pursued her single, and she, unhappily, returned his love, while resolute to keep it in its place



SIR PHILIP SIDNEY proposed an expedition to the West Indies sharing the command with Sir Francis Drake, but Drake, disliking the idea of a joint command, sent a messenger to Court disclosing Sir Philip Sidney's intention

unhappy, returned his love, while resolute to keep it in its place. When he tried to go too far—as during a temporary absence of her jealous lord—she determined that the madcap relationship must end. Philip suffered, as all suffer who love too late; but out of his suffering and renunciation came immortal verse, with its parting *cri de cœur:*

Leave me, O Love, which reachest but to dust;
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things;
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust;
Whatever fades, but fading pleasure brings. . . .

On the rebound, he married Frances Walsingham, daughter of the statesman, Sir Francis. It was a marriage of affection only, and left him more than ever discontented with Court life, restless to be up and away on some great adventure which would drive "Stella" from his mind, or show her the true worth of the man who had loved and lost her.

He wanted to serve and fight, if needs be, in the Low Countries, but was kept at home to serve in the House of Commons, a poor recompense.

Then his thoughts turned to an attack on Spain in the New World, with Sir Francis Drake leading an expedition to the West Indies as spearhead.

He not only worked hard at the project; secretly he planned to join it himself, without the Queen's sanction since she was opposed to any such idea. He would meet Drake in Plymouth on some pretext and sail with him, sharing the command. The pretext was soon forthcoming. Don Antonio of Portugal was expected there on a ceremonial visit; Philip obtained permission to go there and receive him. But the Don was late in arriving; there was delay in getting Drake's ships ready; and while Philip waited with Drake, fretting with impatience, striding the quays to see how preparations progressed, Drake—disliking the idea of joint command—sent a privy messenger to Court disclosing Philip's intention.

The Queen at once put her foot down. Philip should *not* go to the West Indies but he *could* go to the Netherlands as Governor of Flushing and Rammekins. He left in November, 1585, campaigned in the following year, and at the head of a troop of two hundred horse, rode up to the walls of Zutphen in a thick September fog. When the mist cleared, out came a thousand of the enemy's horse, the town's guns belched, Philip's horse was killed under him in a charge. He mounted another, and in a third charge was shot in the left thigh. The horse, taking fright, galloped off the (*Continued on page 77*)

A New House Of Commons

By George Howard

ON October 26 the new Chamber of the House of Commons will be used for the first time. Invitations are being sent to the Speakers and other presiding officers of the Lower Houses and the legislatures of the Commonwealth countries, Northern Ireland, the Isle of Man and the Channel Islands, and colonial legislatures with unofficial majorities by the Speaker for this historic occasion.

Early in 1945, when the plans for the new building were being discussed with Sir Giles Gilbert Scott as architect, Mr. Winston Churchill desired that the traditional shape and size of the Chamber should be maintained. The reasons for these stipulations, with which all parties agreed, were that in the conditions where British democracy works best there is inevitably a Government with a sound majority but a strong opposition—necessitating seating on two sides. This means a rectangular Chamber. As regards size, whereby there is never room for every M.P., the desire to conform to that seeming anomaly came from the fact that in the day-to-day routine the House is rarely more than a third full and a Chamber with more than six hundred seats would be an intimidating place indeed.

Clearance of the bombed site of the Commons began in May, 1945, shortly after VE-Day, and the foundations and framework were started in August, 1946. This part of the work was completed by April, 1947, when the clothing of the skeleton of the Chamber and its ancillary rooms began.

Entrance to the new section of the Palace of Westminster is through an arch, built of carefully preserved and fitted stones which stood on the site before the bombs fell. Splintering by high explosive is still evident and is a symbolic touch of the rise of the Chamber from the ashes of the old which will be an attraction to visitors for generations to come. It is named the Churchill Arch, as splendid and appropriate a monument as any Briton can ever have had.

On arrival in the actual Chamber the first thing to strike the visitor is that the old colour scheme of dark red leather seats and red carpet has gone. The

(*Continued on page* 66)

THE SPEAKER'S NEW CHAIR

The Flowers of Spring

By Ralph Arnold

IN the coffee-room of the Irving Club one June evening four men sat drinking brandy and discussing coincidences.

"Do any of you know the Flowers of Spring?" Colonel Charlesworth asked. "Not the song but the family."

"The name," said Lord Bromley, "sounds familiar. But no, I don't know them."

The others shook their heads.

"In that case," the colonel went on, "I can tell you the story of the most extraordinary coincidence that ever came my way. Spring, incidentally, is the name of a house in Scotland, and the baronetcy of Flower of Spring dates from the first half of the eighteenth century."

Mr. Justice Medley grunted.

"Baronets," he observed, "have a bad name. I wonder why."

"Oh, come now," Lord Bromley put in. "Most of them are sons or grandsons of Lord Mayors of London. Rich, respectable and dull. But go on Charlesworth."

"Last summer," the colonel said, " my wife and I spent three weeks in Italy. I don't care about flying and we travelled by train. Our destination was Strenno, on Lago di Strenno, midway between Milan and Venice. It's an easy journey. You get into your sleeper at Calais and step out at Strenno next morning. The only tiresome bits are the boat train and the Channel crossing. It was in the boat train that we encountered a well set up, good-looking young fellow and a young woman of quite unusual beauty. In fact, we shared a carriage with them."

"Their names?" Lord Bromley inquired.

"We had no idea. The man had a suitcase on which the initials were hidden by a hotel label. The young woman's only luggage was an unlabelled morocco leather dressing bag. They were complete strangers to us and to each other."

"How do you know they were strangers to each other?" the judge asked.

"Shortly after the train pulled out of Victoria Station, he offered her a cigarette. She told him she did not smoke."

The fourth man at the table looked up.

"I take it," Christopher Garland suggested, "that from this small beginning there blossomed, under your interested scrutiny, a brief but memorable romance?"

As a prolific novelist, he had handled similar situations.

"That is so," Colonel Charlesworth agreed. "He was obviously strongly attracted. I told you, I think, that she was strikingly lovely? Honey-coloured hair and eyes the colour of hyacinths."

The judge tilted the brandy in his glass.

"The attraction was mutual? Or did the young man make all the running?"

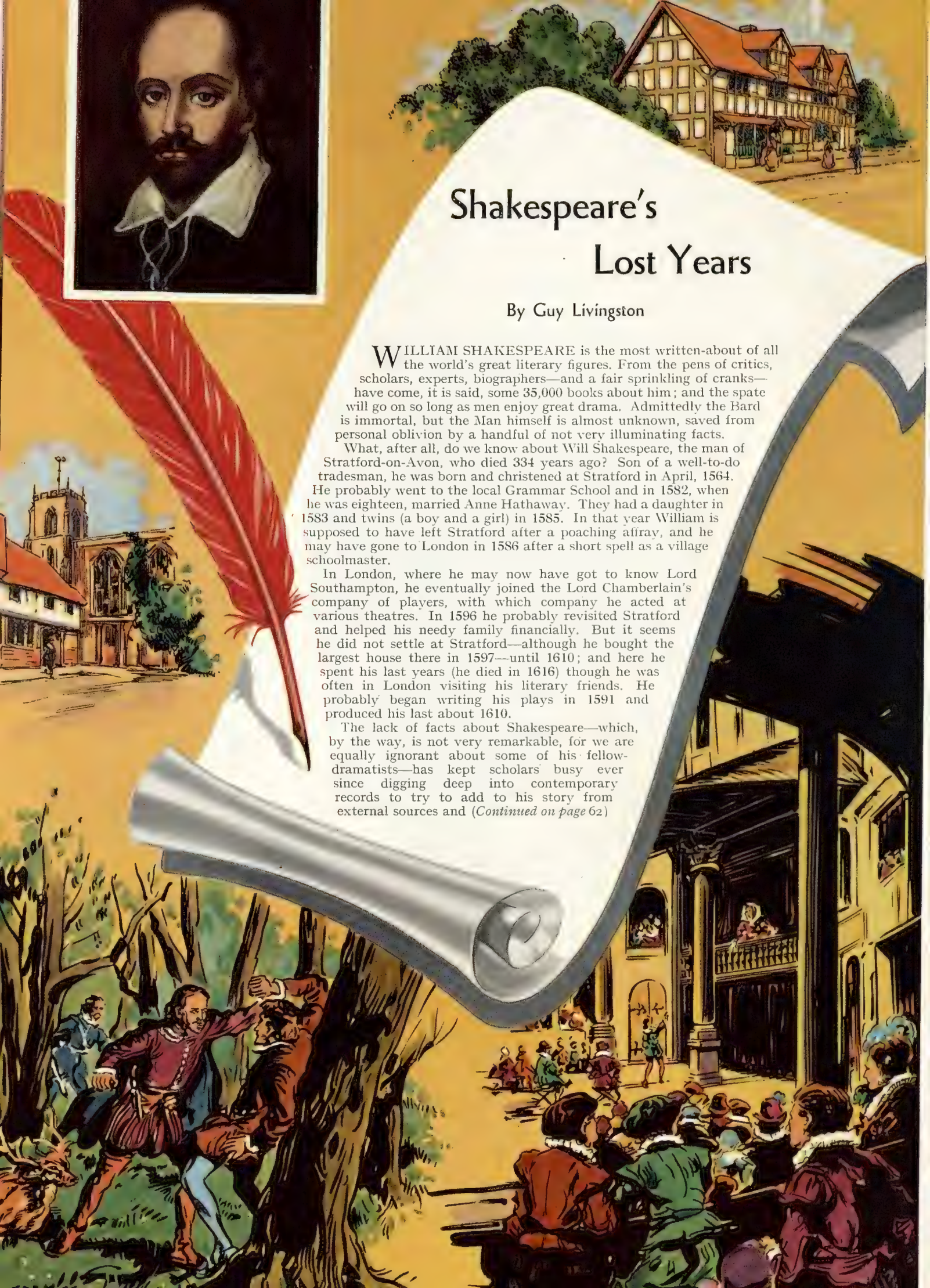
"It was my impression," Colonel Charlesworth said, "that he made most of the running. I noticed that he was extremely attentive on the boat. But I do not think that the lady resented his attentions. She was wearing a wedding ring, by the way. As it happened, the two of them had sleepers in the same coach as my wife and myself. We noticed that they dined together in the restaurant car and that they shared a bottle of champagne."

LADY FLOWER OF SPRING never batted an eyelid. Remarked that it was strange she had already encountered her nephew-by-marriage without realizing his identity, gave him the address of her husband's lawyers, and wished us good-bye

"And next morning," the novelist suggested, "you were surprised to see him emerge from her compartment? I was under the impression, my dear Charlesworth, that we were discussing coincidences."

The colonel wiped his clipped grey moustache.

"It is perfectly true," he admitted, "that I did catch him coming out of her sleeping-car. The interest of this part of my story, however, lies in the snatch of talk which I overheard before he emerged. I was standing in (*Continued on page* 62)



Shakespeare's Lost Years

By Guy Livingston

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE is the most written-about of all the world's great literary figures. From the pens of critics, scholars, experts, biographers—and a fair sprinkling of cranks—have come, it is said, some 35,000 books about him; and the spate will go on so long as men enjoy great drama. Admittedly the Bard is immortal, but the Man himself is almost unknown, saved from personal oblivion by a handful of not very illuminating facts.

What, after all, do we know about Will Shakespeare, the man of Stratford-on-Avon, who died 334 years ago? Son of a well-to-do tradesman, he was born and christened at Stratford in April, 1564. He probably went to the local Grammar School and in 1582, when he was eighteen, married Anne Hathaway. They had a daughter in 1583 and twins (a boy and a girl) in 1585. In that year William is supposed to have left Stratford after a poaching affray, and he may have gone to London in 1586 after a short spell as a village schoolmaster.

In London, where he may now have got to know Lord Southampton, he eventually joined the Lord Chamberlain's company of players, with which company he acted at various theatres. In 1596 he probably revisited Stratford and helped his needy family financially. But it seems he did not settle at Stratford—although he bought the largest house there in 1597—until 1610; and here he spent his last years (he died in 1616) though he was often in London visiting his literary friends. He probably began writing his plays in 1591 and produced his last about 1610.

The lack of facts about Shakespeare—which, by the way, is not very remarkable, for we are equally ignorant about some of his fellow-dramatists—has kept scholars busy ever since digging deep into contemporary records to try to add to his story from external sources and (*Continued on page 62*)

JOE was crazy about Joan. Or, as Jane put it, he was crazy

Lament For A One-String Fiddle

In Show Business A New Slant On The Act Is The Thing That Matters

By Eric Allen

JANE and Joan were a song-and-dance act. Joan was suave and polished—smart. She sang. Jane, the nimble end of the act, was knockabout by comparison. Stage-cut ginghams were more her style, with ribbons in her hair and bows on her shoes.

Jane was the *enfant terrible*. She was always late at the theatre and had to scramble into her rompers while their opening was being played for the second time. Stage managers used to curse and sweat, but what could she do? I am making it snappy, she would yell.

Jane was always in a hurry. Even when she did not go to bed she still could not get up in time for a ten o'clock call. When she went to see a picture she had always to hurry off somewhere before it had finished. For months after that you would have her hurrying off again in the middle of a meal to see if she could catch the ten minutes of that movie she had missed that time.

Joan, contrariwise, was never late because she never started. She ate, played the gramophone, worked out crossword puzzles, read the gossip columns, manicured her nails, washed her hair and sometimes took a sly forty winks, all in the dressing-room. One thing that she never did in their dressing-room, however, was tidy the place up.

"You live here," Jane would accuse. "I don't. Why don't you buy yourself a feather duster?"

Then Jane would set to and bully the place into some sort of order while running over her new number with Joe, the tenor player.

Joe was a sad-faced fellow with limp and melancholy hair. He made his saxophone sound like two steamers coming fast round the bend in different directions. Sometimes when he hit a certain note all the lights in the house would flicker off and then on. He was

crazy about Joan. Or, as Jane put it, he was crazy.

Because only a crazy man could fail to see that to be crazy about a girl so crazy as Joan was the act of a crazy man. For Joan, to put it mildly, was a dope.

Joan couldn't do anything for herself. Not a thing. She could never remember to buy cigarettes although she smoked without ceasing. It was her habit to light a borrowed cigarette, take two puffs from it, put it down somewhere to burn a hole in something and then borrow another cigarette. Alone on a bus she was a danger to the sanity of conductors. Old ladies had to see her across roads. She left everything in trains including her return ticket. In shops she made purchases of she knew not what, for she inevitably left the article behind on the counter. At least, that was Jane's only suggestion as to what could have become of Joan's money.

"I've never known you spend a penny since the day we became sisters," Jane would say. Which was true; for people, meaning men, fell over their silly great feet to buy things for her.

Not including Joe, of course. Joe had big feet right enough, but no money. Joe couldn't give his baby anything but love, and that, since he was inarticulate, he had to blow at her down his saxophone. But love her he did—almost as much as he loved his favourite reed (which, curiously, was also a little soft on top).

Illustrations by Dudley Pout

Jane did not approve of his choice for personal reasons. "You great boob!" she would say to him in Joan's presence. "Don't you know the difference between a girl and a lemon meringue pie when you see them side by side?" But Joe, it seemed, did not. So Jane had to eat out her heart for him in solitary anguish; which anguish became particularly acute as she was about to go into her tap routine.

Joan was chiefly why Jane was always behind-hand with her own affairs Playing big sister to a sophisticated moron took all of her time. Preventing Joan from going around with her nylons in rags and her mouth on upside down was barely the beginning of it.

"And you can't blow that sort of service down a tenor," Jane would say to Joe. "Why don't you take up pigeon racing instead? You could keep them in Joan's loft. It's empty. Be sensible, Joe. What are *you* going to do with a girl who will go to bed in a Dior model because she can't find her nightgown?"

But Joe would never say a thing except, "Let's go over the middle eight bars again, shall we?"

Jane, unlike Joan, was soft and dimply, but if you touched her in the wrong place she bit. Altogether they were a couple of young women to keep away from if you were out for a quiet life, as Joe was.

Joe had made up his mind quickly about Joan. When she had walked on to the floor that morning for the first rehearsal he had blown three wrong notes in a row in the middle of "Sweet Savannah Sue" and knocked over the alto man's music stand with his elbow.

So there it was. Who knows how it might have turned out had not Silver, who ran the El Greco, decided to add a torch singer called Magda to the show?

Magda's name was Magdalen Murphy. She had a voice as thick and explosive as Chile sauce and an obvious partiality for saxophone players called Joe. The possibilities of the situation were brought to the attention of Joan by Jane. Jane pointed out that Joe was mortal.

"No man could have that voice wrapped round him twice nightly and survive," she said.

"But what can I *do*?" wailed Joan.

"You do reciprocate his passion, don't you?"

"I suppose so, if you say so," Joan agreed. "But nothing has ever been *said* about it, you know. Joe never *talks* to me. He simply walks round picking things up and putting them somewhere else and then he says, 'See you later,' and goes away. So we never really *get* anywhere . . . not really, that is."

"You'll have to encourage him a bit," Jane told her. "Joe is always playing his tenor, even when he isn't. You'll have to put yourself in the place of his instrument."

"Oh, but I don't think I could do *that*," said Joan. "And how do you mean, encourage him? I've never had to encourage anyone before."

"It's always the good ones you have to encourage," Jane said. "That's the curse of it. But you'll have to do something or he'll be Joe Murphy before you can say Joan Bogget."

"I wish his name wasn't Bogget," Joan grumbled. "It wouldn't matter so much if it were someone else but when he's Joe as well it's terrible."

"Ah . . . you'll forget Bogget just as easily as you forget your own name now," said Jane.

"That's all very well," said Joan, "but how would you like to be Mrs. Bogget?"

"I'd like it fine," Jane said.

It was plain to Jane that she would have to fix this, too. Discouraging Joe as to Joan was one thing: this was something different. She wasn't going to have him mauled around by any female navvy with overblown tonsils.

IT has been mentioned that Joan sang. It must be added that she could sing. Jane had scoffed when Magdalen Murphy first appeared. Why was Silver throwing his gold around all of a sudden? she wanted to know.

"Why does he think he needs her when he already has you?" she said to Joan.

"Oh, but . . ." Joan said. "Oh, but I can't sing numbers like that. They aren't our kind of numbers."

They were not. Jane and Joan were the traditional cross-talk act, the dude and the tramp—but they were girls and they did it to music. They sang numbers with slick patter choruses. Magda's line was the bedroom song, put across with a husk and a hint.

"You could sing them if you had to, though," said Jane to Joan.

It was at that moment, while buttoning herself up behind, that the great idea came.

Actually the idea itself was cornfed—Hollywood had done it scores of times. But Jane had a new slant on it; and that, in show business, is the thing that matters.

"I DROPPED in to tell you that I'd sing the numbers if you like," said Joe. Silver ripped open his dress shirt. "Which way round do you know them?" he bellowed. "Sideways?"

They were on in three minutes. An adagio act followed them on the bill. Then Magda. Joan, of course, was ready. She was putting the finishing touches to her face.

"I have to see Murphy about something," Jane said to her.

"Oh, but you can't," objected Joan. "We are on. Besides, she'll be asleep you know."

"Yes," said Jane. "I know."

It didn't take her a minute. Not half a minute. She was back and buttoned-up before the band was more than halfway through their intro.

Jane, as a rule, had to hurry off after the act to do something that Joan had forgotten but to-night she waited for the fun to begin. It began with Magda having hysterics five minutes before she was due to go on. When, however, they tried to get out of her what was wrong she refused to open her mouth.

Abe Silver snatched at his bald spot in despair. It was a big night, with balloons and carnival hats and Magda's name billed in letters of fire.

"Let Joan sing her numbers," Jane suggested. "She knows them backwards."

"Don't bother me now, girl," said Silver. "I'm busy."

"She could do it, I tell you," Jane said.

"Oh, I couldn't," whimpered Joan.

"Yes you could," bullied Jane.

"But I couldn't," moaned Joan.

"Why not?" asked Joe—his first words for days. "Have you left your music at home?"

"What the hell are you doing here?" screamed Silver. "You're supposed to be looking after the band."

"I dropped in to tell you that I'd sing the numbers if you like," said Joe.

Silver ripped open his dress shirt and beat on his hairy chest with his fists.

"Which way round do you know them?" he bellowed. "Sideways?"

"I know them inside out," said Joe.

Silver caught hold of Jane by the hair. "I'm making you responsible for the coming fiasco. Get that sister of yours out there and in song or I'll put a performing seal in your spot next week."

"As for you," he said to Joe. "As for you. . . ."

But as it turned out Joe did sing the numbers after all. . . .

The El Greco, as its name would suggest, was fashioned like an old-time music hall with a miniature stage and the band in the pit. There was one microphone on the stage and another in the pit for the band.

Joan, of course, could not sing without a mike. Unboosted her voice might have carried five yards if the band played very softly and the customers stopped rattling their plates. Anyone else in the circumstances might have noticed that when she opened her mouth nothing came out—but not Joan. She simply stood there, opening and closing her mouth in the right places and putting across the maximum of charm.

Joe was the second person to find out that Joan's mike was not working. Silver noticed it first and fell into a faint in the wings. But Joe was more resourceful. He came in without a quaver on the fifth bar and finished two choruses and a verse in his rolling bass before the house sat up and began to roar.

They roared and screamed and howled for more. That made Silver sit up. He began to dance, and to wiggle his fingers at Joe, signalling him to carry on. Which Joe did. So did Joan.

Joan was thrilled by the applause. Joe, in the pit, took no bows. They sang Magda's three numbers. Then Joan encored. She chose a number that Joe didn't know well. He had to scat most of it. That broke it up. Silver was frantic with glee. Joan and Joe! Or, better—Joan and a feller Joe! He rushed around telling everyone that he was the greatest impresario since Barnum. Jane was happy about the whole thing, too. Magdalen Murphy, however, was not.

When Joe put his hand into his pocket for his handkerchief and pulled out Magda's teeth she went into hysterics for the second time that evening.

"I had to put them somewhere," Jane said to Joan. "Joe's pocket was handy so I popped them in."

Not that Magda would have believed that for a moment. She swore that Joe must have crept into her dressing-room while she was asleep and taken them from the glass on her table. She was exceedingly annoyed with Joe, and with Mr. Silver, too, and expressed the wish that the souls of them both should fry in hell for eternity. Her belief was that Joe had engineered the whole thing (*a*) in order to humiliate her, and (*b*) to steal her spot for Joan.

"Everyone knows that you're mad about that elegant (*Continued on page* 68)

HOMES, SWEET HOMES

1. Paycock's House, Coggeshall, Essex. One of the finest half-timbered houses still in existence
2. Church Cottage, Rottingdean. A Tudor house with ornate plasterwork, heavy supporting beams and overhanging upper storeys
3. One of the fine timbered houses at Lavenham, at one time a flourishing cloth - manufacturing town
4. Typical late Victorian basement houses
5. A terrace of early Victorian houses at Winchester, Hants. Their bow fronts are very striking, standing on the outside perimeter of a crescent

Homes, Sweet Homes

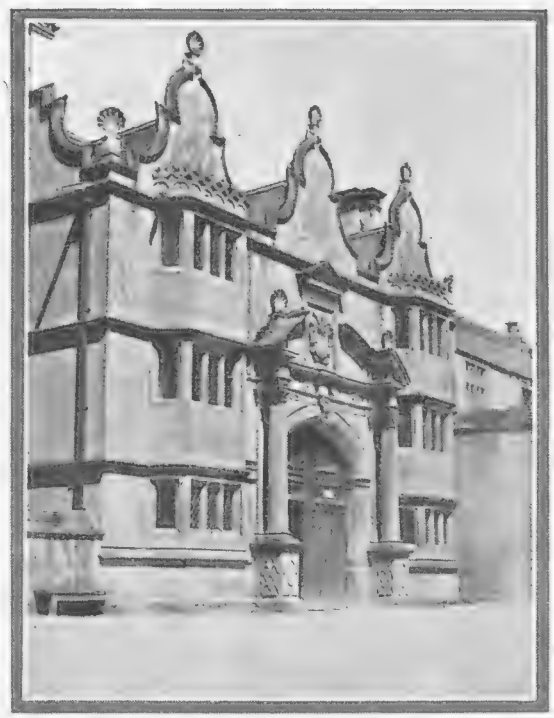
By M. Lovat Turner

NEVER before have houses, or the lack of them, played so important a part in the nation's well-being. There must be many to-day who envy the lovers of long ago who, as soon as marriage was contemplated, commenced to build their own cottage. It was so simple. No building restrictions. No forms to fill. No trade union to harass the worker and no architect to consult. The happy pair merely mixed mud, clay, chalk, road-sweepings, straw or anything else that seemed useful into a pudding-like mass. This they trod, layer upon layer, until something like a wall grew around them. A covering of straw or reeds kept the rain from washing away their days work and helped to bind it all together. A roof of thatch, a sturdy door, a window with horn or oiled silk stretched across and a perch for the fowls completed the building. Adding a trestle table, a stool or two, a straw mattress with a pillow made from a hollowed log, and the home was ready to which the proud bridegroom could bring his bride. If he were fortunate enough to possess a cow or pig another "bay's breadth" was added with, or without, a partition between—a bay's breadth being the space needed to house a couple of oxen, or a man and his family!

Where clay was scarce and woodland abundant, the hardy wooer would choose a couple of slightly curved trees, slit them in two and bind the tops together to a ridge pole. This formed a solid foundation against which to weave twigs, rushes or laths. A mixture of clay, cow dung and straw was then daubed inside and out and covered with plaster. If he had the money to spare, the village carpenter was called in to help, and professional thatchers and daubers added the finishing touches—a true ancestor of the lovely half-timbered houses we so vaguely classified as Tudor.

OF course, like everything else in this workaday world, houses adapted themselves to the needs of the times. After the Black Death in 1348 had taken such toll of human lives and labour was hard to find, farmers took to sheep rearing which needed fewer men to look after their stock. The merchants, or middle men who made fortunes buying and selling the wool, built elaborate houses in their home towns which had grown round the market. One of the finest half-timbered houses still in existence is Paycock's, standing unashamed in the village street of Coggeshall, in Essex. With its rich carvings, transomed windows and overhanging storeys, it is a house many a merchant prince of to-day (if one still exists!) would be proud to possess, as doubtless did Paycock's owner in the early sixteenth century when it was built.

Lavenham, at one time a flourishing cloth-manufacturing town, and Rottingdean, both treasure timbered houses of practically the same date. Though of similar style they are very different outwardly, the one ornately plastered, with picturesque buttresses supporting the overhanging upper storeys, while the other is of a more honest-to-goodness style, with vertical timbers and plain plaster-work.



The striking gatehouse—attributed to Inigo Jones—of Stanway House, the superb Jacobean mansion erected in 1626 by Sir Paul Tracey, situated between Broadway and Winchmore, Gloucestershire

At top of page. These dignified white-walled houses which face the village green of Yateley, Hants, are typical of the graceful Georgian architecture of this pleasing village

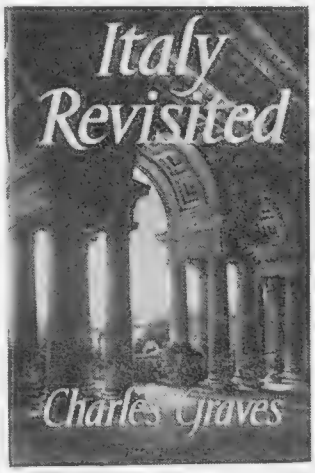
IN the country the secluded manor houses were giving place to enormous mansions, for Queen Elizabeth, loving pomp above all things, caused many noblemen to vie with one another in the extravagant hospitality they could provide for their Queen as she passed from one country house to another on her many progresses through the countryside. If they clung to their old houses, new wings and porches of classical outline would be added, copied, more or less happily, from the sunny lands of Attica they had visited during the grand tour which had completed their education. As long as there was a lengthy gallery down which Her Majesty's entourage could promenade on rainy days, a suit of state rooms and an imposing hall in which to welcome his guests, comfort and convenience were ignored. Bedrooms opened into one another, the only privacy being behind the large curtained bed with embossed velvet hangings and coverlets. Rooms were spacious and draughty, for windows had increased until there was ample justification for the old saying "Hardwick Hall, more glass than wall."

Meanwhile the peasants and working man fared slightly better than they had done for generations. Brick ovens bulging against cottage walls cheered the housewife, and large open fireplaces welcomed the weary, but windows were still small, stairs as steep and dangerous as possible and sanitation unknown.

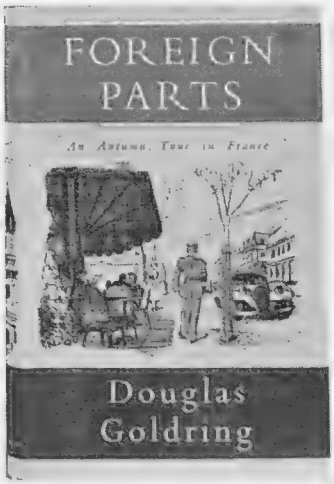
Mansions were for the rich and cottages for the poor, but neither formed the perfect home until the rise of the middle classes towards the end of the seventeenth century. Then came the dignified, well-proportioned houses still to be glimpsed through lovely hand-wrought iron gates in many a country town to-day. More thought was given to comfort and less to outward show. Sitting-rooms were happily panelled, kitchens spacious and conveniently near to the dining-room, though the servants often had to sleep in attics (*Continued on page 74*)

Bon Voyage!

GUIDE, sir (or madam)? Certainly. Through Italy from the Lakes down to Capri? Permit me to commend Charles Graves, who has a connoisseur's eye for places and people. Capri he calls "the answer to the psychiatrist's prayer" where you shed inhibitions. He saw there an Italian princess who wore black skull-cap, black pyjamas, black sun-glasses, and slept nightly in a black coffin; a young American on leave from Austria who dressed for two days as a Tyrolean peasant, then changed to full cowboy costume. He heard another ask: "Say, are there any snakes on this island?" "Sure," replied a New York girl, "and they've all got lovely villas." Such touches make **"Italy Revisited"** (Hutchinson, 16s.) friendly as well as informative.



Rome and south Italy? Bernard Wall is, perhaps, more erudite, and saturated in art, architecture, history. As you read **"Italian Life and Landscape"** (Elek, 12s. 6d.) you feel you are getting not so much the know-how as the know-all, culturally speaking. He, too, agrees that you can shake off your native Puritanism in Capri and even become, to Italian eyes, "a devil incarnate." The coast from Genoa to Naples, taking in the islands? Eric Whelpton, who has lived in Italy and run an English paper in Florence, writes of lovely places with an intimate nonchalance in **"By Italian Shores"** (Evans, 9s. 6d.), and incidentally re-discovers Napoleon's Elba for us—an island not conspicuously on the holiday map.



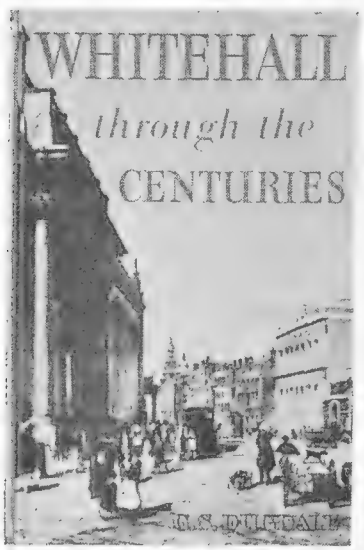
France, from Normandy to Lorraine and back by alternative route? Douglas Goldring and his wife did a three weeks' autumn tour nicely within the £50 each limit, and **"Foreign Parts"** (MacDonald, 12s. 6d.) has the sure touch of the seasoned traveller who has specialized on this type of book. But what does he mean when he compares the French Press with "the artificial unanimity imposed on the British Press?"

The west coast of Ireland from Cork to north of Donegal? Olivia Manning did it by bus; and a cheerful jaunt she makes of it, with amusing anecdotes about people, in **"The Dreaming Shore"** (Evans, 15s.).

All these books are generously illustrated, to stir the armchair wanderlust.

Books:

Reviewed by Trevor Allen



Thomas Merton's "Waters of Silence" (Hollis & Carter, 15s.), a sequel to his "Elected Silence" describing the history and daily discipline of the Trappist or Cistercian cloister. I respect the sanctity of his vocation as a monk, and his hatred of war; but he might be a little more mindful of those who cheerfully endure the rough-and-tumble of life instead of going into monasteries, and fight the good fight, bloody though it be, for a cause perhaps as sacred to them as his Order to Mr. Merton. With this limitation, it is an admirable book.

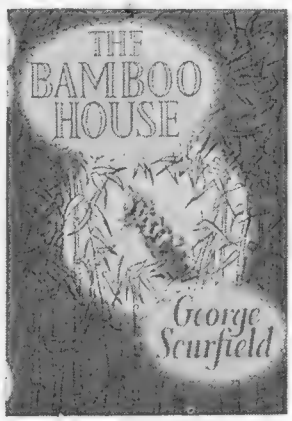
DOUGLAS YOUNG was not always a vagabond scholar questing Europe's libraries for first-hand documents concerning the neglected Greek poet Theognis. Beginning his search at the Bodleian, a Gothic window in Corpus reminds him of a "furious party in June, '36, when we all dined in kilts, our host became berserk and hurled every empty he could lay his hands on through the panes, whereon a courteous janitor appeared with the message: 'The Dean's compliments, sir, and there's a good deal of stuff goin' through your windows'." This sense of fun does not desert him in "Chasing An Ancient Greek" (Hollis & Carter, 12s. 6d.), a witty travelogue which makes his learned pilgrimage more than for scholars only.

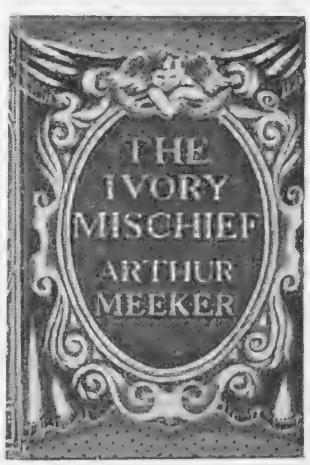
MANY who throng daily through Whitehall probably know that from a window of Inigo Jones's banqueting hall, now the United Services Museum, Charles I stepped to the scaffold; but how many know of the White Hall built by Wolsey in 1528 and now limbo? G. S. Dugdale of the London Museum revives its historic past in "Whitehall Through the Centuries" (Phœnix, 18s.), a handsome volume illustrated with old prints and plans and present-day drawings by Christopher Chamberlain and Heather Copley.

NOW that efforts are being made to extend the use of our canals for transport, there is a deepened interest in their history and development. Originally they were local projects, mostly backed by manufacturers or (*Continued on page 72*)

IT might be said of courtesan Cora Pearl, daughter of a Plymouth music teacher, that if she wasn't beautiful at least she was businesslike. In Paris—whither she had flown with a London lover, refusing to return with him—she kept a four-column ledger: for the names of her clients, the date of their stay, the sum paid for hospitality received, and "remarks," mostly unquotable. When a house she shared with another jolly damsel, Caroline Hassé, in Rue de Ponthieu caught fire, the Comte de Maugny saw her at a window in her scanties bawling to her stablemen: "The first one who carries a pail of water to the harlot upstairs will get the sack!" She numbered dukes and princes, including Prince Napoleon (*Plon-Plon*) among her protectors, and was, withal, an astonishing woman. W. H. Holden's "The Pearl From Plymouth" (British Technical & General Press, 12s. 6d.) claims to be the "first authentic biography," and is well written and documented; but I fancy it is because so much in her life defied authenticity that it makes irresistible reading.

By contrast, one feels that one should remove one's shoes before reading





At Your Fingers' Ends

Some points to help you in the choice of pretty and well-fitting gloves

AT one time, beautiful gloves were the hallmark of a lady. To-day we are less exacting in our standards, though gloves have become as important an integral part of the dress ensemble as any other accessory feature. This winter they are particularly important because colour has invaded the hands, matching its bright tones with pretty berets, pointing an entire colour scheme.

In choosing gloves look to cut, material and colour. Cut is definitely first. The prettiest hand is disfigured by a clumsy glove. Good material and cut pays for itself in durability and elegance.

Fabric gloves, if suede and leather are beyond your purse, are preferable to a clumsy leather or an indifferent suede. The leather used in gloving has deteriorated in quality since the war. Only the best leathers will take dye and handstitching satisfactorily and these are apt to be costly.

Many reasonably priced fabric gloves now have a leather finish which gives them an appearance very similar to skin. They are inexpensive and good-looking. This does not apply to all fabric gloves but only to some, so it is worth while to take a little extra trouble in the search for well-cut ones.

The description "fabric" covers a wide range of materials specially made for gloves. These include silk, nylon, wool and other yarns in various mixtures. When buying fabric gloves be careful to choose those of material which has the most stretch width-ways. These will give the most comfort and the best fit.

An infallible sign of a well-made glove is the "Boulton thumb." The difference between gloves with this distinguishing feature and the rest is the same as that between a non-fashioned and a fully-fashioned stocking. The Boulton thumb has a gusset between the base of the thumb and the index finger dividing both into separate sections. This feature of the cutting permits better shaping of the wrist. A good glove should fit as perfectly at the wrist as elsewhere.

Soft, washable suede permits the choice of the fashionable coloured gloves like these from Fenwicks

Luxury leather gloves soar into the five-guinea-a-pair class; lovely supple suede, coloured by what is known as the "hand-brushed" method. This means that the dye is carefully hand-brushed on to the skin, a delicate process which partly accounts for the price.

THE quality of cut and material are one thing, but the fit is another and this is entirely a matter of selection. Are you certain of your glove size? Remember that hands change and a size that was suitable once may be quite unsuitable to-day. Manufacturers say that there is a distinct change in sizing since the war. Nobody knows quite why, but whereas the size-range used to start at 5¾, running to 7½, it now starts at 6½, running up to a strong demand for even larger sizes.

Measure across the broadest part of your palm and double it to find your correct size. When you try on gloves make sure that the base of the finger line in the glove (*Continued on page 77*)

Long pastel suede gloves for a bare-shouldered evening dress. D. H. Evans

On Reflection

The alliance between a woman and her mirror can be a source of depression or a great deal of fun, depending how she looks in it

THERE is a mirror in the room. It is out of your line of vision but you can see it if you turn your head. How do you react? Can you ignore it, or do you find it impossible not to glance that way? Probably the latter. Most women find a mirror irresistible, and why not? But had you realized how far a mirror reflects your philosophy of life as well as the particular hat you happen to be wearing at the time?

Is your mirror a course of confidence or depression? Are you the poor slave of that shadow in the glass, or do you make it tell you what to do?

Mirrors and cameras, they say, cannot lie, but don't let your mirror depress you on this score. Haven't you noticed how the angle, the placing and the surroundings of that quicksilvered glass can change what it reflects?

In a town bedroom, your tilted looking-glass shows you, perhaps, a faintly haggard visage, older than its years, totally unworthy of your best hat; ten minutes later in the soft illumination of a restaurant glass you appear again, faintly glowing, with softened curves, pleasantly, unaccountably glamorized. Then, in a big store, that tall mirror on the angle of a staircase reveals you, suddenly, looking short and rather shabby, yet your own reflection in a reception room, under the chandeliers, presents you, again surprisingly, as a woman of tall distinction and poise.

Of course the mirror lies, but these are white lies, not really meant to deceive. Behind them lies the honest, cleansing truth for those who wish to see.

The woman who can look purposefully into her mirror, bringing a measure of humour to what it tells, is not one of life's footballs to be kicked around. She discovers an incipient wrinkle with philosophical calm and *does* something about it, putting the inevitable change in her appearance firmly into the right perspective, determined to acquire a new and different sort of charm.

If the glass reflects not speeding years but merely a woman looking a little ungroomed, with wrinkles in her dress showing up in sharp reproach and a hat that just doesn't make the grade, she can lose confidence in herself or accept the challenge and improve.

A mirrored reflection is like good advice, you can take it or leave it. What use, I ask you, is a mirror deliberately placed in a good light if, when it tells something unpalatable we turn away, regardless?

On the other hand, the mirror works for you. Not a tyrant but a candid friend. Come to terms with that reflection in the mirror and you have come to terms with life.

By Katey Dunn

"Mixed" Blessings

FAMOUS chefs and inspired amateurs will tell you that the lightness of a cake, the featheriness of a batter, the ultimate touch of perfection in most dishes composing a number of ingredients, depends upon the patience employed in mixing. Those last minutes of beating represent the difference between a merely adequate result and one which confers the superlatives upon cooking.

The kitchen mixer, so widely used in the United States and now very much in demand here, has met with more appreciation from housewives than almost any other kitchen gadget of a comparable function since gadgets began. Its versatility and clean simplicity in action commend it to busy women as much as the fact that home cooking takes on a much higher standard at the mere flick of a switch.

An up-to-date food mixer gives triple service as mincer, juice extractor and mixer. The complete apparatus is compact and neat with a cream finish easily wiped with a damp cloth. The mixer, below, looks after itself while the beating is in process. The extractor (above) separates skin, pith and juice, leaving the skin whole and the mincer (left) which is easily attached, operates at a turn of the switch

The View Beyond the Viewer

Cooking for television calls for skill and equanimity. Philip Harben has both, but even he can't televise ice-cream

TELEVISION programmes for women have, in the short time since TV entered the home in a big way, become one of the most popular forms of entertainment in the country. Women viewers are counted in millions to-day.

When, if you happen to be one of them, as you sit comfortably in your easy chair, watching the smooth-seeming efficiency of Philip Harben, television's resident cook, or the casual grace of a group of fashion models, do you ever wonder how this entertainment is brought to your tiny screen with so few obvious mishaps? It might surprise and certainly astonish you to know what goes on behind the view.

Philip Harben, whose cookery programme rates for highest popularity, has a fund of amusing stories of the minor mishaps and near disasters which, in his own placid and resourceful way, he has had to avert before the camera.

With a million pairs of keenly observant and often very expert housewifely eyes trained upon his every movement Mr. Harben has to keep his nerve, and does. As, for instance, when he opened an oven door with a flourish to show how superbly a sponge had risen, only to discover that he had omitted to turn on the oven.

On another occasion when he had forgotten to put the curry powder into a curry, he improvised quickly by pretending that his purpose was to show viewers how the curry can be introduced at the last moment.

So much for personal resourcefulness, but split-second timing and an organization that viewers cannot possibly appreciate by just merely viewing, reduces mishaps to a minimum. All the same, to attain such standards the B.B.C. officials have a lot to contend with.

Imagine cooking under the intense heat of the powerful lights essential for television. Studio temperatures are seldom less than a hundred degrees before cooking begins. Imagine the complications attendant on such an atmosphere. Ice cream turns to fluid; jelly melts and dies; butter runs and salads wilt and fade. Add to these problems the routine ones of keeping ones back turned from the camera; moving within a strictly confined area without ever obscuring the view from the viewer. A dozen things to remember at once and no chance to recap. Surely, any cook will sympathize with Mr. Harben.

NEXT to cookery, fashion programmes are top favourites with viewers.

Mannequins, accustomed to modelling clothes in wider spaces find new problems to contend with. Most of them not dissimilar from Mr. Harben's. Looking cool and lovely in a temperature of a hundred degrees isn't easy, and moving gracefully, not to say naturally, with only a few feet of space to do it in, requires a careful technique.

Dressmaking topics, for which viewers continue to ask, are hard to cover, the problems being to show the stages of constructing a garment in a limited time and to bring essential detail matter within intelligible view.

Beauty topics are, again, natural winners with women viewers but here, again, the B.B.C. staff has its headaches. Making a visual point about beauty calls for colour, and the unhappy fact must be faced that, in its present stage of development, television close-ups are not always as flattering as a talk on beauty obviously requires.

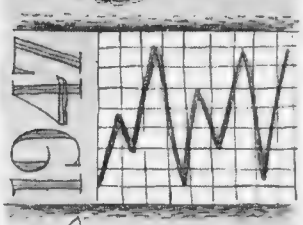
Manicure lessons have been successful because the shape of the hand fits well into the screen and the simplicity of the process makes it possible to photograph the whole operation in detail in a few minutes.

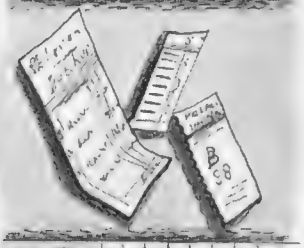
THESE are just a few of the problems confronting those who bring the pictures to your home. There are many more, so when you are tempted to ask, "Why don't they show us so-and-so?" remember, there is probably a good technical reason for it.

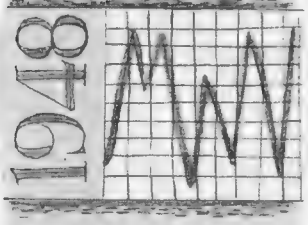
Fashion models have to face the camera, move with grace within a limited space and keep cool and lovely in a temperature guaranteed to melt

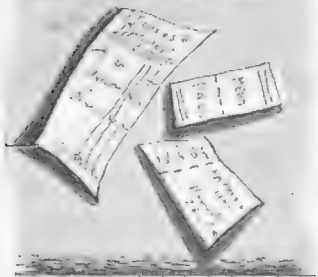
COUNTING THE COST

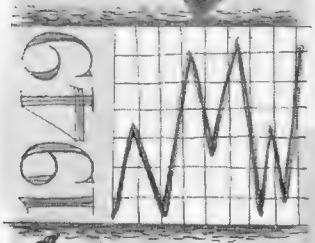
Offers some crumbs of comfort on the most painful of current topics











MORE than food, which once had priority over other topics "the cost of it all" is a recurrent theme wherever conversation springs. Personal problems differ. For one, it may be school fees clouding the immediate horizon, for another, a struggle to keep up familiar standards. Most of us are conscious of the paradox inherent in the fact that on lower incomes of former years it seemed possible to enjoy more luxury.

Women with home budgets as their special responsibility (able enough in this sphere, though with no special talents for economics), find the situation disquieting because it is so difficult to understand. "Have I fallen down on the job?" we ask ourselves. "Is there a way of tackling this budget problem. If so, where to begin?"

Official facts and figures are formidable to the average mind, but they help to some extent to get a clear picture of where the financial pressure is heaviest and in this understanding lies the open road to budget adjustments.

Not quite all the blame for financial pressure can be put upon the cost of living. In a general way, living standards have risen progressively in recent years, but familiarity with present standards tends to wipe out the recollection that they were not always as high. Accepting this fact offers some reassurance in the knowledge that though we are spending more, we are also, in some instances, getting a good deal more for it.

Try looking back in your own affairs. You will probably discover that certain things which, before the war, would have rated as luxuries, have now, through common use, moved up to the level of sheer necessity. This may be Job's comfort in a sense, but examining the facts has at least the virtue of showing an anxious situation to have *some* compensations.

Official figures tell us that the cost of living has risen fourteen points since 1947. In simple terms, this means that for every hundred shillings a family spent in June 1947, it is now required to spend on an average one hundred and fourteen shillings for the same goods of the same quality. This immediately accounts for a deficiency of twenty-eight shillings in a weekly budget of ten pounds.

This figure, however, refers only to the necessities of life and excludes all those extras that put the gloss on living. Luxuries, so the records say, have risen more than fourteen per cent in the same period.

The greatest increases in the same three years have been in prices of food and clothing, so that women who normally pay for these items in the family budget tend to get the impression that all prices have risen similarly which is inaccurate.

Individual circumstances have to be taken into consideration, of course. Official figures take no heed of personal circumstances and are relevant only when all other things are equal.

Changing personal circumstances have an important bearing on the problem as for instance, when one woman might say: "When we married four years ago I was able to save out of the housekeeping. Now it won't even go round." A legitimate complaint, but for the fact that she omitted to say that a baby had since increased the family by one.

Increased commitments must be taken into the picture though, inevitably, the rising cost of living makes these harder to support.

The average (*Continued on page 74*)

Last Ounce Of Service

IT is one thing to buy labour-saving and comfort-making apparatus and quite another to employ them so as to enjoy the best of which they are capable.

Many of us are making daily use of apparatus in the home which, incidentally, represents a considerable capital outlay, without getting our full money's worth. It may be a lingering feminine resistance to mechanical things: a "not bothering" attitude, quite irrational when you come to examine it.

Have you asked yourself "do I get as much as I could out of my apparatus? Is it working for me as it should?" Don't forget, however efficient apparatus may be, it needs your co-operation to achieve its best. Machines don't have brains.

Even small apparatus should work for you to its fullest capacity. A neat, enamel finish gas ring, like this one, for instance, supplements the uses of a cooker outside the kitchen and saves labour

THE primary purpose of a refrigerator is to keep food in good condition, but it has other functions. It permits buying ahead; it promotes economy and adds to the variety of menus. If you feel that the capacity of your frig limits the amount of food you can buy ahead, look to the packing of it. This essential factor is often overlooked if one is to judge from peeps into the average ice-box. You can get twice as much into the space available by packing scientifically. It takes a little more time, but pays in higher efficiency.

Keep meat and foods which tend to lose flavour in the frig as far from the freezing unit as possible. Cover food whenever possible, but in doing so, use specially designed Phoenix glass containers. A free circulation of air is vital to the efficiency of the frig and glass containers permit this. Plastic bags are useful, too, for food not suitable for glass containers.

Had you realized that sandwiches can be cut a day ahead and kept in the frig? Lay them on waxed paper and put more between each layer.

Pre-cooked dishes stored in the frig for reheating should never be overcooked. Reheating continues the cooking, so make allowances for this.

Certain kinds of food are definitely frig-shy. Artificial flavourings undergo strange changes at a low temperature, so do most potato dishes, hardboiled eggs and foods containing mayonnaise. In fact, most foods are more flavoursome if removed from the frig an hour before cooking or serving. These include meat, milk, butter and uncooked pastry dough which should thaw before it reaches the oven.

THE ideal temperature for a refrigerator is a debatable point but an inside temperature of 45° is generally considered best. Lower temperatures tend to cause formation of ice crystals in the food, while a higher one (over 50° F.) does not keep the food in good condition.

Fill ice trays with water only when you *need ice*. This economizes fuel and reduces the working of the machine.

A gas cooker as modern and efficient as this deserves the fullest study to get the utmost performance for which it was designed

ABSOLUTE cleanliness is essentia to perfect performance of a gas cooker. Brush the burners periodically with a stiff brush kept for the purpose. Remove grease out of burner holes with pipe cleaners. Never use a hard instrument that may enlarge them.

Don't use asbestos mats on hotplate burners. Tests have proved that overheating of the parts is injurious to the stove and no gas is saved.

For economy in time and money, make a study of the dishes which can be cooked together in an oven, even if they are not to be used at the same meal. This is where the frig comes in again. Gas and electric showrooms throughout the country hold cookery demonstrations which deal expertly with handling cookers to obtain the best results.

You may consider yourself fully experienced as a cook, but most of us have something to learn from experts who have studied the latest practice and adapted methods to the most up-to-date apparatus. Time is well spent in using these services which manufacturers offer to promote the fullest service from the apparatus they sell.

Pack your frig with the most perishable foods in the coldest parts and potent flavours well apart. This is the new 6½-cubic feet English Electric *silent* model

(*Right*) White Venetian blinds, illuminated from behind the pelmet, give additional light and decoration to a lamp-lit room. (*Below*) Background light is supplied by fluorescent strip lamps in the "dish" ceiling fitting, on and in between the shelves, and under the pelmet which is open at the top to enable some of the light to be thrown on the ceiling

The Lighter Side

LIGHTING is all too often considered as an arbitrary distribution of light bulbs hanging from the ceiling or scattered round the room in table lamps. Just as functional and infinitely more decorative is architectural lighting used to enhance the intrinsic beauty of the room and its furniture. Formidable as it sounds, architectural lighting is no more than an imaginative use of strip filament and fluorescent lamps which can be easily and safely concealed behind pelmets, cornices, etc. These illustrations show how strip lighting can be used to obtain widely differing effects.

The picture above shows a dramatic use of strip lighting in conjunction with furniture. In this case, a fluorescent strip lamp was mounted behind and just below the top of the sideboard. On left, pelmet lighting and portable lamps combine to give an even distribution of soft light throughout a small room

Body Build-Up

This is the time to lay the foundations of good health which will last the winter long. Poorly nourished or overtaxed systems are always the first to fall victim to autumn infections, and building up resistance to disease now will prove a safeguard against ill-health in the hardest winter months

TAKE advantage of the last rays of autumn sunshine to walk out in the open air, but don't be deterred if the sun is hidden behind clouds. It is not the heat of the sun which is so beneficial but the light rays. These rays have a high power of penetration and are almost as effective on a cloudy as on a sunny day.

Autumn fruits which have ripened in the sun are rich in the health-giving properties of sunlight and although some of the value is lost by cooking (more so by bad cooking, of course) and the digestive processes, they are body-builders which cannot be over-rated. The vitamin content of fruit and vegetables is so volatile that raw fruit should always be preferred to cooked, and raw and lightly cooked vegetables to overcooked ones.

Some fruits are more rich in food values than others. Blackberries, for instance, contain iron and organic salts as well as vitamins. Apples contain a high percentage of phosphates and are beneficial to the mental worker and all who "live on their nerves."

Beetroot and beetroot leaves (prepared as for spinach) have a high iron content and are good blood tonics. Cabbage, for all its homely reputation, is rich in vitamin value and the mineral constituents essential to a healthy blood supply, and provides roughage.

WHEREVER possible, it is always best to make up diet deficiencies from natural sources, but when these do not provide all that is required, it is necessary to fall back on supplementary sources. These have to be in a form that the system can assimilate, or little benefit will result from them, so the answer is to take a preparation as near the natural form as possible. Crooks Halibut Liver Oil, and Seven Seas Cod Liver Oil, for instance, are perfect examples since they are rich in natural vitamins. Liver extracts are the next best thing to fresh liver for anæmia.

Chilblains have, in some cases, been traced to a calcium deficiency and a course of calcium in early autumn (well before the trouble starts) may prevent the occurrence of chilblains in the winter. But calcium is not readily assimilated unless it is taken in conjunction with vitamin D. There are several preparations which combine calcium and vitamin D.

Nervous fatigue often shows itself in an "under par" condition which leaves the patient feeling not quite well. The digestion often suffers in these cases, and foods which nourish without putting a strain on the digestion are probably the best of all pick-me-ups. Don't tax the digestion with heavy meals or eating when you are overtired. Take a light meal with a high nutritive content or even a drink of pre-digested food such as Benger's which is a meal in itself.

Health and Beauty by Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty problems, write to me at "Britannia & Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope.

TEENAGE beauty problems have been the subject of serious investigations by doctors and beauticians during the past few years. The physiology of adolescence has probably never been more fully understood than it is now. Acne and its allied skin disturbances, overweight and all the other symptoms of the glandular changes which take place during adolescence, need no longer be endured because they cannot be cured until the unfortunate youngster has "grown out of them."

Although most people are aware of this, many young girls still suffer untold anxiety about real or imaginary problems concerning their appearance, simply because they do not know how to set about getting advice, and it is here that the older woman can give her the most valuable guidance.

The best practical advice that the youngster can be given is a list of experts who have studied her problems and can give her the benefit of the latest researches. There is, for instance, in London an expert who has specialized in the treatment of acne. Where possible, visits to the London salon are the best thing, but for those living in the country, she has a home treatment which is simple enough to follow.

As for puppy fat, most youngsters will accept the fact that the figure will fine down naturally as they get older, if the pill is sugared by some practical advice on how to dress the plump figure to advantage

Turn Of The Teens

Teenagers' beauty problems have never been better understood than they are to-day. Here are some of the aids to loveliness at the disposal of the modern youngster

Again there are classes in deportment and grooming to which the youngster can be referred for further advice.

RIGOROUS dieting should, of course, be severely discouraged, for girls in their teens are still growing and need all the food they want. It should, of course, always be born in mind that grossness, as against natural youthful plumpness, is a matter for medical attention. It may indicate a glandular upset which is far better treated now than later in life.

Make-up is an art as much as any other and no one can expect a youngster to take to it without some kind of instruction. A course of lessons in make-up is perhaps the best gift that any young girl starting out in life can receive and there are one or two London salons where they are given under expert tuition. Here she will learn, not only to apply the preparations correctly, but also how to choose the right make-up.

Membership of a teenage beauty club will also keep her *au fait* with new developments in beauty culture. Yardley have started a Teenage Club which already has a membership of many thousands. Their aim is to help youngsters to "light up their own good looks." An excellent magazine is published periodically and all members can avail themselves of a beauty advice service, either by calling at the salon, or by writing to the editor. The subscription of 1s. a year brings membership within the range of all teenagers' pockets.

It is now that the young girl begins to appreciate the value of nursery health habits that before have seemed tedious chores. Teeth cleaning, bathing, hair brushing and the general care of the body are now seen to be as fundamental to beauty as they are to health. The gradual introduction of one or two basic preparations will help to bridge the gap between the nursery scrub and the more sophisticated beauty routine of adult life. The appearance of a pot or two on the dressing-table beside the brush and comb—cold cream for smoothing wind-scorched cheeks, a lip salve for softening chapped lips for example—will lead naturally to the use of beauty preparations and cosmetics.

THE nursery routine for the care of the hair will need only slight amplification to meet the requirements of the teenager. Regular shampooing and daily brushing should be sufficient, so long as the hair remains in good condition. It is only fair, however, to suggest a visit to a tricologist at the first sign of any hair or scalp troubles.

Twenty-Minute Make-Over

THERE are often times when one feels the need of a facial pick-me-up. Perhaps fatigue has dulled the complexion or neglect has brought that discoloration to the skin which is so unbecoming. It is then we long for a facial treatment that refreshes the appearance and peps up the morale.

Salon treatments are not always practical, for one reason or another, and it is good to know of a new preparation that amounts to a salon treatment at home. This new product is a twenty-minute mask that can be used equally well by women of all ages, with any type of complexion. to stimulate and refresh the skin. It can be used any time during the day or before going out in the evening for some special function.

The mask is easy to apply, even by those who are not used to giving themselves beauty treatments. The skin is first thoroughly cleansed, preferably with soap and water. The mask is then applied to face and neck and allowed to remain on for twenty minutes, when it can be removed by damp cotton-wool, face flannel or sponge. Its action refines the pores, tightens and tones the complexion, leaving it velvety smooth. A special advantage of the mask is that it can also be taken right up under the eyes to smooth out lines and eye wrinkles.

The price is 35s. for a jar containing sufficient for forty-eight treatments.

Knitted For Skating

A two-piece skating outfit with a dual purpose sweater which looks as smart with a tweed skirt as with this abbreviated knitted one

MATERIALS : *Jumper.*—6 oz. Templeton's 3-ply Super Scotch Fingering in main ; 1 oz. in contrast. *Skirt.*—10 oz. Templeton's 3-ply Super Scotch Fingering in main ; elastic to fit waist ; knitting needles Nos. 9, 11 and 13 ; 8-in. zip fastener ; hook and eye ; press studs.

MEASUREMENTS : *Jumper.*—Length from shoulder, 20 ins. ; width round at underarm, 34 ins. ; short sleeve seam, 7 ins. ; long sleeve seam, 19 ins. *Skirt.*—Length, 22 ins. ; waist, 24 ins. ; width round bottom, 114 ins.

TENSION.—8 sts. to the inch over st.st. worked with No. 11 needles, and Fair Isle worked with No. 9 needles.

The Skirt

The skirt is worked in four flared sections, all exactly the same. Using No. 11 needles and mn., cast on 220 sts. and work in garter st. for 10 rows. Change to st.st., dec. 10 times on every 10th row thus :

1st dec.—(P. 2 tog., p. 40, p. 2 tog.) 5 times (210 sts.).
2nd dec.—(P. 2 tog., p. 38, p. 2 tog.) 5 times (200 sts.).

Continue in the above manner until sts. are reduced to 40 on needle. Continue straight until work measures 23 ins. from the cast-on edge. Cast off loosely. Work three more pieces in the same manner.

MAKING UP

Press each piece. Join seams, leaving an 8-in. opening on one seam for zip. Turn in top of skirt for 1 in. and slip-stitch neatly to wrong side, stretching as you sew to give plenty of elasticity. Leave each end open and insert elastic to fit waist. Insert zip fastener into side opening. Fasten top of opening with hook and eye.

Abbreviations

K. = knit; p. = purl; st.st. = stocking stitch; patt. = pattern; rep. = repeat; beg. = beginning; inc. = increase by knitting or purling twice into same stitch; dec. = decrease by taking two sts. together; tog. = together; ins. = inches; mn. = main; c. = contrast.

The Sweater

THE BACK

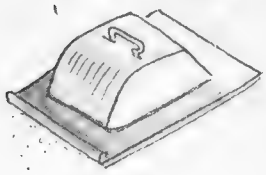
Using No. 13 needles and mn., cast on 126 sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1, rib for 3½ ins. (Inc. 1 st. at end of last row ; 127 sts.). Change to No. 9 needles and Fair Isle patt., thus :

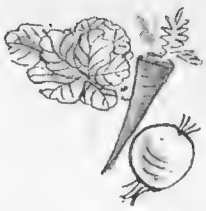
1st row (right side of work).—K. in mn.
2nd row.—P. : (mn. 1, c. 1) to last st., mn. 1.
3rd row.—K. in c.
4th row.—P. : (c. 1, mn. 1) to last st., c. 1.
5th row.—K. : (c. 1, mn. 1) to last st., c. 1.
Rep. the last 2 rows once more.
8th row.—P. in c.
9th row.—K. : mn. 1, (c. 1, mn. 1) to end.
10th row.—P. in mn.
11th row.—K. : c. 1, (mn. 3, c. 3, mn. 5, c. 3) to end.
12th row.—P. : (c. 2, mn. 1, c. 1, mn. 3, c. 1, mn. 1, c. 3, mn. 1, c. 1) to last st., c. 1.
13th row.—K. : c. 1, (c. 4, mn. 2, c. 1, mn. 3, c. 1, mn. 2, c. 1) to end.
14th row.—P. : * (mn. 2, c. 1) 3 times, mn. 2, c. 3 ; rep. from * to last st., mn. 1.
15th row.—K. : mn. 1, (mn. 1, c. 1, (*Continued on page* 80)

Little Wool Dress

Brilkie's wool plaid day dress has a shoulder-span collar and wide circular skirt. In a variety of colours (81s. 7d.). Next to it, another slick wool number by the same maker, an adaptation of the much-loved shirtmaker style (price 59s. 7d.). Wolsey's jersey dress, top left, has an inset panel on the front bodice and a deep front pleat on the skirt (93s. 1d.). Below, a Wolsey two piece in sunbeige wool jersey. The cap-sleeved dress is pleated and teams with an elegant little bolero jacket in black. For the dress alone, 101s., for the jacket and dress together, £8 2s. 0d. Send a stamped envelope to BRITANNIA AND EVE, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, for names of retailers.

Cheese & Vegetables





By Harriet Muir

IT is generally agreed that the combination of cheese and vegetables is one of the most appetizing and nourishing forms of vegetarian meal. But the tastiness of the dish depends on plenty of imagination being shown in the choice of vegetables and on piquancy being introduced where needed through seasoning or additional flavour. For example, flavour can be gained by tossing vegetables in bacon fat or the addition of a good squeeze of lemon juice, chopped mint and so on.

It makes a pleasant change to serve some of the more ordinary vegetables with a cheese sauce instead of the usual white one, specially when accompanying fish or made-up dishes. Vegetable marrow, artichokes, cauliflower and celery are all good dressed with cheese sauce, and again this sauce blends well with vegetable moulds and croquettes. Most useful of all is a combination of cheese and vegetables for savoury supper dishes when the cheese is probably the main bulwark of the meal. Again you will find many cheese dishes are made more attractive if a green vegetable is served with them; for instance, green peas or runner beans with cheese soufflée; creamed carrot and peas with macaroni cheese. Celery or creamed spinach are good and could border a dish of cheese croquettes and so on.

The following are two cheese and vegetable recipes for supper or light luncheons.

CHEESE CONCERTINA

Ingredients: ½ lb. flour; 1 egg; ½ pint milk; 3 oz. cheese; seasoning; assorted vegetables; tomato and cheese spread.

Beat egg in a bowl and season; gradually mix in milk and flour, beating smoothly. Mix in cheese. Batter should be very stiff, so that it only just drops from spoon. Melt some lard in frying-pan till smoking hot. Drop in heaped dessertspoonfuls of mixture, shaping into rounds about 2½ inches wide with a knife as batter begins to set; fry till golden on both sides. Drain on absorbent paper. Meanwhile, prepare and cook some diced carrots, sprigs of cauliflower and green peas. Drain; melt about 1 oz. of margarine in a frying-pan; put in vegetables; sprinkle on about a tablespoonful grated cheese. Toss vegetables in the pan for a minute or two. Make a savoury spread by creaming together 1 oz. of margarine, 2 oz. grated cheese and tomato ketchup to taste. Season; put a blob in the centre of each pancake and join them together; lay lengthwise on dish and fill in spaces at the top with green peas and spikes of cucumber. Make a pretty border of vegetables.

CHEESE AND VEGETABLE PIE

Ingredients: ½ lb. short pastry; 2 diced cooked potatoes; 2 diced cooked carrots; 2 tablespoonfuls cooked peas; seasoning; 4 skinned and sliced tomatoes; 2 rashers bacon fried and chopped; ¼ lb. mushrooms, cooked; about ¼ pint cheese sauce; about a tablespoonful grated cheese for garnishing.

Line a pie plate with pastry, reserving enough to cover pie. Mix vegetables and bacon with sauce. Fill pie; cover with pastry lid; decorate with pastry flowers. Make air holes with a knife. Bake in good oven, Regulo 6 or 375° F., 30 to 40 minutes. A few minutes before it is cooked brush over with egg or milk and sprinkle with grated cheese.

Cheese Concertina

MANY of us have to cope with a Jack Spratt and his wife in the family. Such aspects as weight, temperament and digestion can mean that two people may differ enormously in the kinds of foods they need; quite literally, one needs no fat, the other no lean. But to the housewife, probably Mrs. Spratt herself, the catering for such divergencies these days is something of a nightmare. However, with careful menu-planning, Mr. and Mrs. Spratt can "lick the platter clean" for a correctly balanced meal will include the nourishment they each need individually without the planning and cooking of extra dishes.

This will be more clearly understood if we remember that a well-balanced meal must include some of each of the four groups of food essential to normal good health, which are :

1. *Proteins*—foods such as meat, fish, eggs, cheese and milk which feed the tissues.
2. *Fats*—energy-giving foods which also protect against colds.
3. *Mineral salts*—which are found in all

Jack Sprat Dishes

raw foods and represent the importance of fruit and vegetables. These, if carefully cooked, retain a large proportion of their salts.

4. *Carbohydrates*—covering all starches and sugar, provide heat for the body, but are also weight-producing with its resultant lassitude, mental and physical, if taken too freely.

Unfortunately, to-day, the average meal contains far too many carbohydrates in proportion to the other three groups because this group includes the cheapest and most plentiful foods. Here, however, I have suggested menus which include some of each of the four groups mentioned. Any of these meals will serve Jack Spratt who, if he is in a worrying job using up much nervous energy, can reinforce himself with the protein and well-sweetened foods, while Mrs. Spratt, plump and placid, can give him her extra potato and cream cake and concentrate on the fruit, salad and the lightest and less fatty items on the table.

The cook's responsibility is not only concerned with choosing suitable items of food, for much of the virtue of the food can be lost through incorrect cooking or careless serving up. Many mineral salts, not to mention vitamins, are lost through vegetables being cooked too long, or re-heated, or peeling potatoes too thickly thereby removing the nutritive content in and just under the skin.

"All-in-one" Sandwich

Here are a few examples of what I consider well-balanced meals which, in the main, should satisfy both Jack and his wife.

BREAKFAST

(*a*) Fruit; bacon on fried bread; toast.

(*b*) Cereal; egg; toast, etc.

(*c*) Fruit with cereal; fish; breakfast scones.

If you wish to simplify to a one-course meal, tomato could be added to bacon instead of fruit in (*a*), or fruit with cereal instead of egg in (*b*).

LUNCH

(*a*) Fried fish, chipped potatoes, peas. Eve's pudding (that is a baked sponge pudding with fruit at the bottom.)

(*b*) Beefsteak pudding; mashed potato and green vegetable; fruit jelly.

(*c*) Meat soup; egg or cheese salad; steamed or castle puddings with sweet sauce, jam or syrup. (If available, add a few extra cold vegetables to the salad, such as peas and beans and include grated raw carrot or watercress and serve with a good dressing.)

SUPPER

(*a*) Grapefruit; bacon and beans in tomato on toast; coffee and cake or sweet biscuits.

(*b*) Vegetable soup with fried bread croutons; cheese croquettes; fruit.

(*c*) Egg and vegetable pie; chocolate mousse; cheese straws.

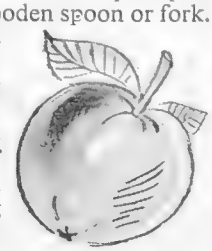
"All-in-one" Sandwich for a tray meal incorporates the four groups. Prepare three thin slices of bread toasted on one side; spread untoasted sides thickly with margarine. Cover first slice with a good layer of apple sauce to which a few chopped cooked prunes have been added. On top of this lay a layer of minced pork or minced sausage and bacon. Lay second slice toasted side downward on top. Cover this with well varied salad containing, for example, shredded lettuce, diced celery, peas, beetroot, chive blended with a little mayonnaise. Sprinkle chopped nuts on top and lay a few segments of orange on them. Cover with last slice. Cut in triangles; arrange on a plate, accompanied with sprigs of watercress.

A balanced meal of meat soup, cheese salad and castle pudding

Pulped Apples

IT is most useful in the winter to have some large jars of pulped apple, which can be used for puddings alone or for helping out other fruit and also makes a good foundation to combine with fruit for jams and preserves. Earlier in the year it is a good way to dispose of windfalls or later for using up small apples.

Peel and core apples and cut into slices. If preparing a large quantity put apples in cold, salted water or they will discolour. Place in a preserving pan or other heavy pan; add water till it is just visible among the fruit. Bring to the boil and cook gently till fruit is very tender and pulpy. Strain away surplus juice if necessary. Beat into a pulp with wooden spoon or fork. Pour pulp into large preserving jars or jam jars if wanted in small quantities. Seal jars with screws loose, unless using snap closures. Put in low oven, Regulo 1 or 200 deg. F., for 1 or 1½ hours. Remove and screw up lids. Any method of sterilizing can be used. If you note amount of fruit used, it will help you when working out what sugar is needed for jam later.



Read this, and learn from it, if you are one of those suffering people too addicted to the soft answer but with no convictions as to the wisdom of it

It is a negative virtue, at best, to endure merely through lack of moral courage to take a stand against the other point of view. Though it may bring a certain casual good-fellowship, it won't win respect or real friendship, or even a lasting personal satisfaction. (I know that when I say Yes in a weak-minded way, really meaning No, No, a thousand times NO! I suffer agonies of self-condemnation afterwards, and I'm prepared to bet most weak-willed women are pretty much the same.)

"It isn't what you say, it's the way that you sez it," is a very old axiom—and it's a sound one. It *should* be possible to say "No" to something for which we have little liking or no leisure without seeming (or feeling) like a steam-roller on the loose.

SOMETIMES, in larger issues, it is necessary to take a firm line and to inflict a little hurt to prevent a much greater one. It is then that tact can temper firmness. Being firm should not imply either a lack of courtesy or involve any breach of politeness. Significantly enough, it is usually not WHAT was said, but HOW it was said that is remembered. It is, for example, not the refusal itself, but the tactless phrasing of the refusal that remains to rankle in the memory, long after the circumstances in which it was spoken are quite forgotten.

I think a certain amount of time and determination could very well be spent in studying all the different ways of saying "No" and learning just when to answer in the negative. No life is long enough to spend it doing things that bring neither profit nor pleasure—and indeed, on the contrary, provoke boredom, exasperation and waste of time and effort. The alternative is to learn to say what one thinks in a way which will hurt no one's susceptibilities—one's own as well as other's. It can be done.

MARGARET STEVENS

It Isn't What You Say

IT is humanly impossible to please everyone all the time. just every so often it becomes necessary to take a firm stand and stick by it, an ordeal that can prove the undoing of gentle souls given to seeing the other side of the question too clearly for their peace of mind.

"I simply couldn't get out of it." "I didn't like to say No." "I would much rather have refused." These and similar plaints are continually made by people unable to say "No" in a way at once tactful and definite. Between them they add up to hours of boredom, a good deal of honest exasperation; company which doesn't amuse, colour-schemes which jar, frocks which somehow or other don't quite fit—and, as often as not, a deep-seated sense of frustration at our own weak-mindedness thrown in. For who likes to feel she has acted entirely against her own tastes and inclinations (however mild they may be, or relatively important)?

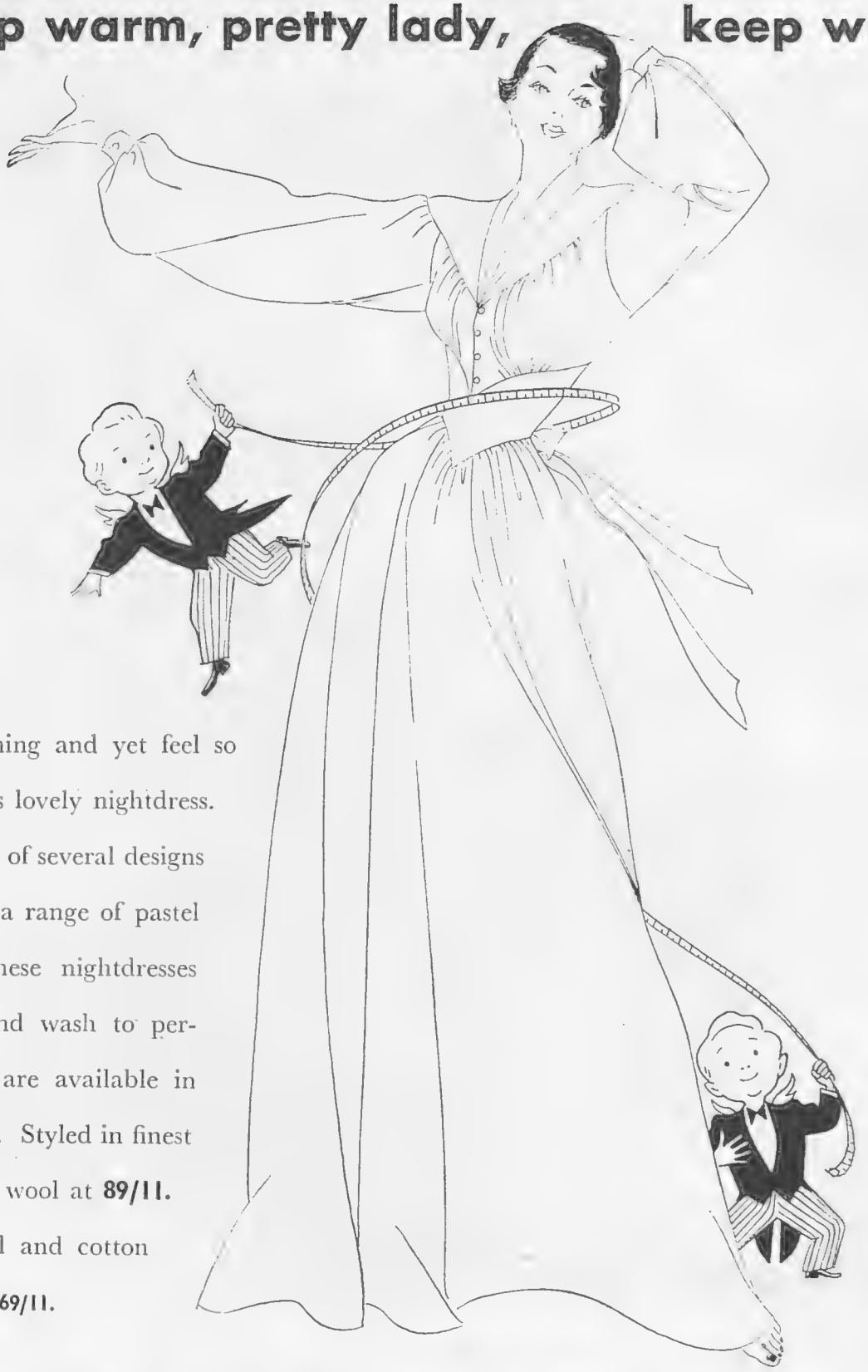
It isn't good enough. But what to do about it?

WE know the sort of woman who rides rough-shod over everyone's feelings in a cast-iron determination to have her own way. No finesse about her! She can be relied upon for the complete and unflattering truth on every aspect of life—from what's wrong with your make-up to what will probably happen to your children when they grow up and leave home. She's never been known to endure anything without protest, if it's not entirely to her liking—whether it's an entrèe at a dinner-party or someone's rendering of a Beethoven sonata at a concert. She may seem little and blond and helpless—but she'll go through life like a warm knife through butter, encountering no difficulties she can't settle.

Right at the other end of the scale is the woman who just can't bear to risk offending anybody, and hates to hurt even an animal's feelings. She's so hesitant, that everybody takes advantage of her. Not a nice thought, perhaps—but human nature, so they say.

Most weekends her spare bed is occupied by someone having a nice lazy time, while she moils up and down with the breakfast trays and cudgels her head over meals in a hot kitchen. The neighbours use her telephone; people constantly ask if she will take messages, run errands, arbitrate on their domestic difficulties of one sort or another (they seldom if ever take her advice, but they like to have someone to listen) and shamelessly drag her to art exhibitions and organ recitals, because they don't like going alone. She doesn't care for either, but would find it even more difficult to take a firm stand and say so.

keep warm, pretty lady, keep warm



Look charming and yet feel so warm in this lovely nightdress. It is just one of several designs available in a range of pastel colours. These nightdresses will wear and wash to perfection and are available in sizes 34″-42″. Styled in finest quality pure wool at **89/11.** Also in wool and cotton mixture at **69/11.**

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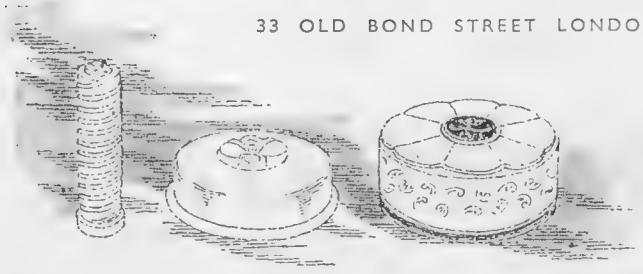

Those Who Settle Overseas

(*Continued from page* 19)

of half a dozen servants. Not even a clerk cleans his own boots That bubble of superiority is soon pricked during home leave. No one wants to hear of your adventures. One hears about the neighbours next door instead, about food prices and income tax, and becomes just one of those millions struggling in the streets. People walk too fast; your sauntering annoys them because you obstruct the pathway. Thank heaven one can go back out there!

To that whitewashed house with its cement floor and its roof that resounds to the patter of the rain; to the dry pan and to the paraffin lamp! There's a brooding silence; something menacing on a dark night in an English country lane without the piercing shrill of crickets, the ceaseless shriek of cicadas and the chorus of frogs in the swamps. Without these sounds to which one grows accustomed the night seems strange; and one feels so naked walking through a field of cows without a rifle cuddled in one's arms!

Then there's the clean air of the open spaces so sparkling in the early morning; that tang of burnt grass so utterly unlike bonfire smoke, the smell of spicy things, of strong-scented flowers, of fresh turned earth, and of smoke-grimed thatch. The things worth smelling in England are new-mown hay, the bluebells and primroses in spring, a sprig of honeysuckle and a woman's hair. These make one homesick when an unwashed coolie passes by.

A married sister comfortably settled in Sussex complains of the wasps in summertime. "Wasps!" we write, with the paper sticking to our damp wrists—"you should see what we've got out here! Great centipedes that sizzle as they hurry along, scorpions that lurk at the back of the chest of drawers, leeches in the swamp, ticks in the grass, and stink bugs that drop into the soup! Mosquitoes—you've never seen mosquitoes like squadrons of aeroplanes, have you? There are tsetse flies that bite like the jab of a red-hot hat-pin, stinging caterpillars that crawl into the bath towel, and spiders"—how she hates spiders—"they're as big as the palm of your hand!"

And so, we love to boast, and, perhaps, to exaggerate a little. It helps one to put up with these things. When we tell the exact truth we are often disbelieved. There was the time when an army of driver ants turned us out of our house and cleaned it of all vermin; and that picture on the wall of a horse's head that looked strange because the white ants had eaten through the canvas from the back.

We discovered that carbolic soap rubbed on the legs and feet kept away the jigger fleas that burrow into one's toes, so we were never without a cake. The dictionary calls them "chigoes," but whoever bothered to spell them that way? Why should people offer us cures and palliatives for bites and stings? We don't want to be stung! We know that scientists are trying to eliminate mosquitoes and biting flies from widespread areas of country, but even if they succeed with one, there are plenty of other things ready to bite. What we want is some good repellent to keep insects at bay and not be obnoxious to ourselves; carbolic is all very well on a hairy leg but not on a soft skin.

SOME folk once advised me to use oil of pennyroyal to avoid being bitten by mosquitoes. After my daily evening bath I liked to sit in a cane-bottomed chair dressed in mosquito boots, pyjamas and a jacket. I rubbed the oil all over my body, once, and danced round the room in agony. Snakes alive—one could go on talking about these things. Ah, snakes, we had better not get involved with these, for most of them are harmless anyway. There was the chap who discovered a puff-adder in a box filled with his boots, and killed it with a shotgun in the light of a hurricane lamp to the detriment of his footwear! I treated a coolie for snake bite, and his folk reported he was dying; but he was blind drunk on all the good whisky I had poured down his throat, and was at work again next day.

It's "Tuan" this, and "Bwana" that, and "Memsahib" to the missus! One becomes father and mother to a multitude of people who come to one for medicines, for advice and help, and sometimes with queer tales. There are sudden quarrels with nasty wounds that require immediate attention, and lunch for the police officer and medico who arrive in due course; a woman's baby has a scalded skin, a man is struck by lightning and rendered unconscious. What experiences there are in a lifetime overseas.

A book, a whisky and soda and an easy chair, with gleaming glass and napery on the dining-room table. We are waiting for the Thompsons who are coming to dine. "What's that—their car?" It's a noise that approaches like an express train and passes underground; the glasses dither on the table, and a chill of fear and of awe begins somewhere at the nape of the neck and travels down one's spine. "To the doors, quick—get out into the open—it's an earthquake," we shout! But it is only an earth tremor, and when the Thompsons arrive they have heard nothing.

A cloud appears blanketing the hills like smoke; it takes on a gritty appearance, and then people begin shouting in the village and beating tin cans. A locust swarm is pouring into the valley and we must do something to stop it settling. Create a smoke, make a noise, hoping that the insects will fly on to break down someone else's trees by the weight of their numbers, or devour someone else's crops and not one's own. The light is dimmed, there are countless flickering shadows on the earth, the rustle of many wings, and stragglers fluttering down like great grasshoppers. The cat comes home dead beat after playing with them all day, and one's hens lay eggs with rich-coloured yolks.

Yes, out there we have tales to tell and plenty to talk about. Everyone has a wireless set nowadays, and there are cinemas in the local townships. Women dress in (*Continued on page* 56)

"When two people . . ."

Those who smoke Craven 'A' seldom care for other cigarettes

WHEN TWO PEOPLE think exactly alike about anything, it's a kind of minor miracle. When two people think exactly alike about almost everything—then the world's major miracle is about to be born, once again. These likes (and dislikes) are really *us*. More than anything else, they establish our own private, personal, peculiar character! Millions, for example, dote on Craven 'A'. Not for a king's ransom would they forgo the clean, firm feel of the *natural* cork-tip, so kind to the lips, or the unvarying flavour of rich tobacco, so kind to the throat. . . . Certainly not for any other cigarette.

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wonderful frocks and the men like real sahibs; no one worries about going fifty miles for a dinner party or a picnic. As for tennis and golf, a new telephone system in a largish town broke down because the peak load came at the wrong time. It started near 4.30 p.m. when people began to arrange foursomes!

Shooting! We don't knock down tame pheasants or bang at rabbits, and if we go fishing we need a wire trace. We live overseas to the full, and when we arrive home on leave we are struck dumb, silenced by the obvious boredom of our friends, or by that innate selfconscious shyness which prevents an Englishman talking about himself.

What are we going to do in our old age? Retire to England and wait for death, not if we can help it, and our sons—our sons shall go overseas.

END

Barny Beats The Field

(*Continued from page* 16)

refilled both glasses again.

"I mean oke!" he explained, becoming greatly excited. "Meet at Great Itching, see? Hounds find! Bonzo leads field eight miles run to spinney, see? You ride direct to spinney; four miles only, see? I'm waiting on road in spinney with car! Bonzo jumps in back! I throw out previously procured dead fox. Hounds eat it! You're there with time to spare, at kill! Field comes up, headed by Wetherby and Virginia! Amazed to see you! Hero! Wetherby lost bet, looks fool! Bobsy Charly! See?"

Basking in Barny's admiration, Hector took charge of the port bottle, and they toasted "Up Bonzo!" again, then "Down Wetherby!" "Up Barny!" "Up Hector!" and "Smiling Bride!" After which each became concerned about the other, and told him "no more to-night, old man!"

They made their way upstairs with some difficulty, and parted outside Barny's door with mutual expressions of esteem and many complimentary references to one another in their future estate as brothers-in-law.

Barny slept heavily until disturbed by Rider-Wetherby, mounted on a horse, who was tilting at him with a billiard cue. Miles behind, galloping to his rescue, came Hector astride his pet fox, enlarged to the size of a camel. Wetherby had just got Barny down, and was hammering him over the head with his billiard cue, when the battering resolved itself into a gentle shake and the hated Wetherby changed into Murchison, who handed Barny a concoction of Worcester sauce with "Mr. Hector's compliments."

Murchison was not one of your stand-offish, unsympathetic butlers. On the contrary, he drew the curtains but half-way, and left Barny to meditate before taking his bath. Yet with all this consideration, the young man only felt as if he were a participant in one of those ancient rituals wherein a goodly youth is loaded with favours and acclaimed with approbation prior to his dispatch upon a sacrificial stone.

Breakfast was a gloomy meal. People drifted in and out in different stages of undress. Virginia never appeared at all, and Wetherby turned up wearing, temporarily, a blazer to which Barny was sure he was not entitled. Although his stomach almost revolted, Barny forced himself to eat a good breakfast. He refused a stirrup-cup before mounting, his intimate knowledge of training conditions telling him that temporary elation is followed by a slump.

Goliath, held by a tiny stable-lad, was a chestnut gelding, standing something over seventeen hands. He had a neat bow of red ribbon tied on to his tail, which Barny supposed was to indicate that the horse had recently undergone some form of inoculation

The small stable-boy, however, who appeared to know Goliath intimately, and probably slept with him, stated that his charge was so highly-strung that he became extremely nervous at the proximity of other horses, and that the gay ribbon was a warning device, like the red flag put out by quarrymen before blasting begins.

Thanks to his athletic prowess, Barny had little difficulty in springing into the saddle, and he followed the Bolter's House cavalcade down the road. This, headed by Sir Hereward, Virginia and Wetherby, proceeded at a trot. Goliath tried to do likewise but was discouraged by his rider, who found himself unable to "post." This was a deficiency that was painful to both parties, since Barny weighed fourteen stone.

Horses are intuitive animals. Goliath laid back his ears meditatively once or twice, but hesitated to declare war. He recognized that his rider was a novice, but to any horse that is a secondary consideration. What puzzled the animal most was that muscular legs gripped his ribs purposefully, and that the hand on the rein, though clumsy, was masterful. Barny, once mounted, had lost all sense of fear, just as the void in the pit of his stomach before a Rugger match would disappear when the starting whistle blew. Barny was no longer thinking of the fate of Absalom, but now regarded Goliath merely as a vehicle whereon to proceed to the destruction of Captain Rider-Wetherby. The horse knew this, hesitated, and lost all hope of gaining his freedom.

The walk at which Barny found it expedient to proceed, quickly left him behind the others. To trot being impossible, he decided to urge Goliath into a canter. But if Barny could not trot, Goliath would not canter. The horse, however, expressed a readiness to gallop. Thus Barny was forced to progress in a series of rapid dashes until he reached Great Itching.

Here he was accosted by Hector, who had turned up in a small saloon car. Peering through the open sunshine roof, Barny saw a sack, in which was evidently the dead fox which was to be flung forth to appease the hounds once Bonzo had been (*Continued on page* 59)

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safely garnered in. On the front seat was a large box covered with dials, from which a miniature aerial protruded through the car's roof. This, Hector instantly explained, was a portable wireless receiver.

Hector gave final instructions, telling Barny the landmarks to make for, and, having assured himself of Barny's comprehension, he sent him off to show himself outside the cover in which the hounds were even then to be heard.

A fox was holloa'ed out almost at once and the whole field, jealous of their reputation as members of an exceptionally keen hunt, went off as if it were the start of a race. Barny had great difficulty in restraining the excited Goliath, and blessed Hector's foresight in having had the horse lathered by a groom early that morning. Dissuaded by Barny's iron grip from pursuing the field, the horse elected to return home in a fit of sulks. His rider must have had some latent skill as a horseman, for in a short time he cured the brute of his nostalgia, and set him on a course towards the far distant spinney.

Where possible Barny opened gates, but most often he crashed his way through the hedges. Many times he arrived over a fence before Goliath, but like a drowning man with the proverbial straw, he retained a grasp on the reins, realizing that he was holding in his hands Virginia's happiness.

During this epic journey, packed with the incident of which troubadours would once have sung, hounds more than once distantly crossed Barny's path in pursuit of Bonzo, who was making the wide zig-zags ordered by Hector. For most of the run, Barny was too intent upon maintaining a proper relationship with Goliath to marvel at the stamina and sagacity of Hector's pet. But as at last the spinney drew close, a field away, the game little fox passed diagonally in front of him for the last time. The hounds were drooling saliva freely, with stragglers strung out for a long way back. As for the field, not a rider was in view. Barny was concerned to see that Bonzo was galloping with a weary, mechanical action. However, coming to a hedge, the brave little quarry belied fatigue by giving a great spring to clear the thorns by a couple of feet, thus gaining ground on the pack, who checked a moment to burst through the bottom.

Amazed, Barny drove Goliath through a last quickset, smashed a post and rails, and plunged onto the cart-track which led through the spinney. Hector was there before him, his head protruding through the sliding-roof of his parked car. His spectacles were glinting with excitement.

"Hold this!" he yelled to Barny, tossing him a dead fox. The animal had begun to decay, and Goliath danced disapproval, working up to hysteria as the music of hounds swelled to a crescendo.

Bonzo galloped into view down the cart-track, a couple of hounds so close on his brush that Barny feared for him. Hector, too, showed extreme anxiety.

"Too close! Too close!" he cried, and twirled desperately the knobs of the box which he had described as a wireless receiver. Bonzo sped up, but only momentarily.

"The batteries are going flat!" Hector shouted to Barny, who did not understand the significance of this disaster, and whose attention was mainly claimed by Goliath, now in a lather. Out of the corner of his eye, Barny saw Bonzo falter not twenty yards away, and within a moment disappear among a welter of furious hounds. Almost at once, the pack sprang apart, crying a startled chorus, and strewn about the scene of the kill, Barny saw shreds of fur, some obviously electrical contrivances, and yards upon yards of insulated wire, in which some of the hounds still writhed as if festooned with intestines. Hector covered his eyes.

It was now that the baffled pack, augmented by stragglers, took notice of the noisome burden which Barny carried on his saddle bow. Goliath became intensely aware of their interest. Even as the leaders of the pack gave tongue, the horse whirled around on his hind-legs and, heedless at last of the powerful grip and despairing cries of his rider, sped off down the track, as the French so picturesquely put it "belly to earth." The hounds followed, beside themselves with the excitement which so unusual a day had engendered.

Barny made an attempt to rid himself of his defunct companion, but speedily replaced his hands in Goliath's mane. The end of the chase would have been problematical, had not a bevy of horsemen, headed by Virginia and Wetherby, trotted round a corner, blocking the road. The bewildered hunt, chattering to one another about a run which was quite the most remarkable in human memory, had followed the directions of flabbergasted rustics, who assured them that a flying fox as big as a calf and breathing fire, was even then devouring the lost hounds in the spinney.

Goliath pulled up with a graceful slide. The dead fox dropped to the ground, and Barny removed himself from the horse's neck back into the saddle. Before the delighted hounds had had time to do more than dive at the fox, a cursing, striking huntsman thrust his way amongst them. He snatched up the sorry corpse.

"This fox has been shot!" he yelled, above the clamour of hounds.

Hector appeared, opportunely. Barny waved a weary hand towards him, and leaving him to make the best he could of the situation, jogged his way home.

It was in his bedroom, just before retiring for the night, that Barny had an opportunity to talk to Hector.

"I pitched them a yarn about you being in at the kill," said Hector, "and told them that you found the other fox lying in a ditch."

"Not many believed you, judging by their talk at dinner," said Barny. "Virginia didn't!"

"Well, no!" admitted Hector. "She didn't. She won't let that blighter Wetherby pay up his twenty-five quid either. Still," he added, more cheerfully, "no one knows what else to believe. That run'll become a legend."

(*Continued on page* 60)

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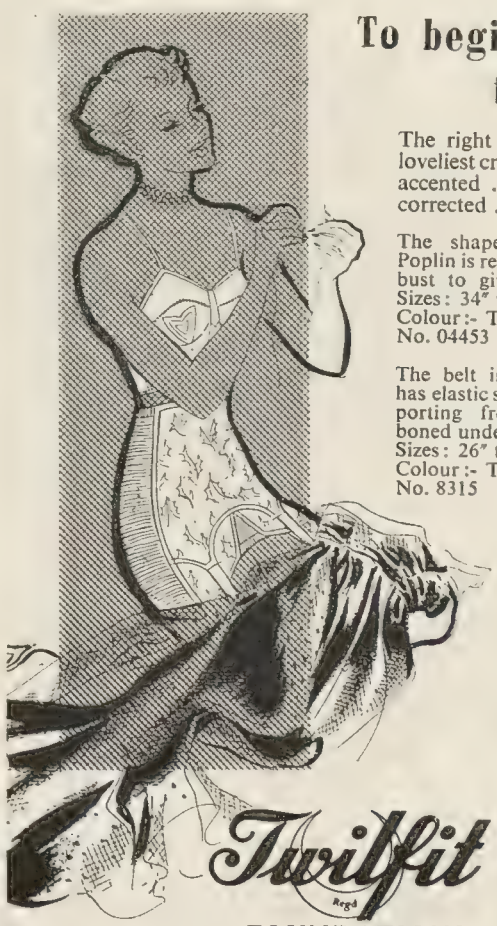

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Gin and **ROSE'S LIME JUICE**

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He mused a few moments on the late Bonzo.

"I got the idea for poor Bonzo when I was trying out wireless control for electric hares at the White City," he went on. "I'd always thought a hunt was too much at the mercy of a fox's vagaries, so I set to and built a mechanical one. It was quite simple, really. I transmitted power to Bonzo's motor by wireless, and a beam of light from his eyes reacted on a solenoid whenever the beam lit upon an obstacle, so Bonzo leapt everything in his way. . . ."

But Barny was not interested in the scientific miracle.

"Virginia suspects something," he interrupted. "You know what women are. She'll be all over Wetherby now she thinks we're trying to do him down."

"I might build you a mechanical horse . . . !" began Hector, his spectacles flashing with eagerness.

Barny drove him out of the room, and returned to his arm-chair, where he remained, slumped in despondency. It was late. How long he remained brooding bitterly, Barny did not know, but some sound brought him back to the present. He sprang to open the door and listened. From somewhere along the corridor there came a sound of scuffling. It came from Virginia's room ! The young man reached her door at a speed he rarely showed off the football field. The sounds of a struggle were now unmistakable.

Barny rapped on the door.

"Virginia !" he whispered.

The sounds ceased. There was a silence, broken only by sobbing from within. Barny tried the door. It was locked.

"Virginia !" repeated Barny, louder.

Suddenly a key grated, the door was flung open, and Captain Rider-Wetherby, in a gorgeous blue silk dressing-gown, presented his smiling countenance.

"Virginia is not holding a salon, this evening . . ." he began, when the young lady herself thrust him aside and flung herself into Barny's arms. She felt very attractive in a pair of black silk pyjamas, but after a brief squeeze, her deliverer put her sternly on one side. Then he hit Rider-Wetherby with such force and suddenness that the dashing cavalry leader subsided in a heap some feet away, from which recumbent position neither threats, taunts nor kicks could persuade him to move. The captain incautiously rose on to his hands and knees, with the cunning intention of thus proceeding to his room. Barny, however, whose opportunism had won him renown in football history, was not the man to let the invader's elegant stern retain so tempting an attitude. On the contrary, he delivered a kick thereon of such power that it would undoubtedly have converted a penalty from the half-way line against the wind. The captain was flattened to the ground, and his future progression was reptilian.

The trembling Virginia, with womanly forethought, pushed the door to, then she rushed Barny and regained her inside position.

"I was going to punish the beast !" sobbed Virginia, and immediately became too choked with emotion to go on.

But Barny was a changed man. There was about him that air of decisiveness with which he was wont to lead a thundering forward rush through the heart of enemy territory. He was as purposeful as when, in the ring, he had sized up an opponent, and had begun to beat the senses out of him. The invisible barrier which had so long separated him from his beloved was shattered, and she was now a problem with which he knew how to deal.

He handled the situation well, judging by results. The sobs died to an occasional sniff. Finally there was a long silence, punctuated only by those indiscreet sounds which the occupants of the cinema "ninepennies" relay from the screen to the stalls with additional loud lip-smacking noises.

Presently, Virginia felt sufficiently recovered to snatch up a negligée, and to totter to her dressing-table, in order to repair the cruel ravages of emotion.

"He took Betty Briggs to Italy," explained Virginia, adjusting her honey-coloured tresses, "and the brute left her there. So I thought I'd lead him on, and lead him on until he asked *me* to go away with him. Then when I'd arranged a meeting-place for us to start from, I meant to ask someone else to be there to—to——"

Virginia almost broke down again.

It was possible that the impetuous captain had suffered less damage that night than he would have done had he had the mental and physical shock of discovering the rugged Barny at some tender trysting place, in lieu of a blonde and blue-eyed plaything.

"Then I began to get afraid," went on Virginia, turning her round eyes on Barny, who gazed back into them with adoration. "He didn't want to wait till we were in Italy. I expect he hadn't enough money to take me there. Anyway, he came in here to-night and . . . !"

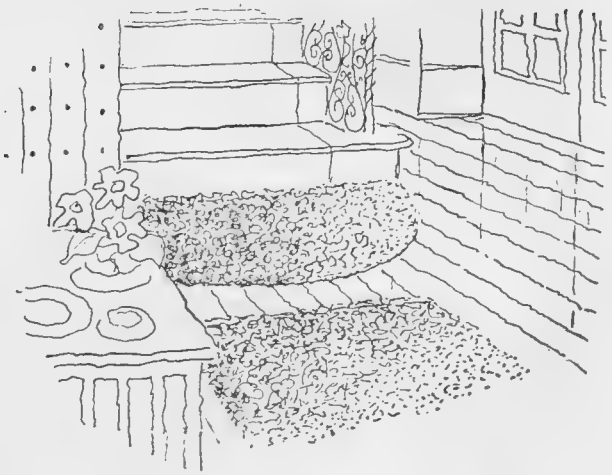
"There ! There !" murmured the knight-errant, soothingly. "I'll get the old man to give us a trip to Rome as a wedding present."

At this, Virginia flung herself passionately into her lover's arms, and their ecstatic moment was only spoilt by the abrupt entry of Sir Hereward, who had first been disturbed by Rider-Wetherby's involuntary tumble, and who had finally opened his door and tripped over the gallant captain as he was travelling, snake-like, along the corridor. Unable to obtain a coherent statement from him, and suspecting dirty work, Sir Hereward had located a male voice in his daughter's bedroom. He had braced himself to see the worst, and was, indeed, but remotely comforted by what he did see.

The explanations were long and arduous, but when Murchison, later, was disturbed by sounds downstairs, and when, armed with a poker, he had flung open the library door with a dramatic crash, it was only to discover Sir Hereward, his lovely daughter, Virginia, and young Barny. A magnum of champagne and a convivial atmosphere told the rest of the tale.

END

This year, the most inviting Halls will be graced by curly pile rugs



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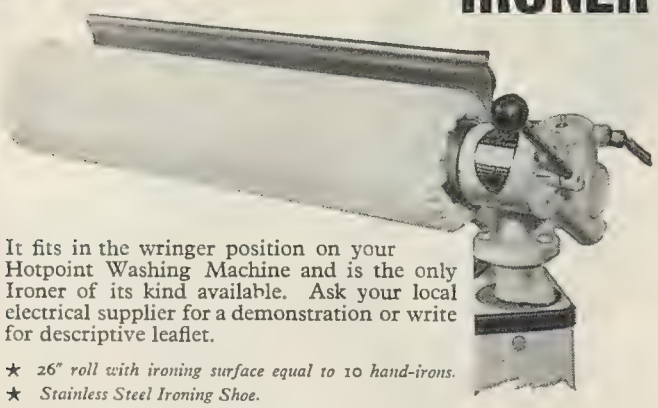

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Shakespeare's Lost Years

(*Continued from page* 32)

looking into the plays themselves for "internal" evidence about him.

Particularly have they concentrated on those blank years from 1584 to 1594 in which almost nothing is known of him. And two writers have recently produced interesting theories to account for Will Shakespeare's movements during part at least of that lost decade.

Struck by the many military references in Shakespeare's early plays, Sir Alfred Duff Cooper has written a book called *Sergeant Shakespeare* (Hart-Davis, 1949) suggesting that Shakespeare was a soldier. The author sees young William fleeing from Stratford in 1585—he was then twenty-one—after the poaching episode and making, not for distant London, but for Kenilworth, a mere thirteen miles away.

Why Kenilworth? Because this was the headquarters of Robert, Earl of Leicester, Commander-in-Chief of the army then being recruited for the Low Countries campaign against the Spaniards. Discouraged from going to London because of the press-gangs which would almost certainly seize him for the army anyway, able-bodied and patriotic young William might quite naturally decide to offer himself for service at nearby Kenilworth, thereby putting himself under the powerful Earl's protection. (Incidentally, a story was long current that Leicester did help Shakespeare over the poaching affair.)

Badly needing recruits, the Earl might well have accepted the young volunteer from Stratford in some capacity or other; and if so, Shakespeare might presumably have crossed to the Netherlands soon after. Colour is lent to the theory by a letter from Sir Philip Sidney (Leicester's nephew) written from the Netherlands to a friend in England, in which Sidney says: "I wrote to you a letter by Will, my Lord of Leicester's jesting player, enclosed in a letter to my wife, and I never had answer thereof. . . . I since find that the knave delivered the letters to my lady of Leicester."

Shakespeare, the "jesting player" turned army messenger, might thus have travelled to England (and possibly London) from the Netherlands early in 1586. Nothing suggests that he returned to overseas duty. Instead, backed by the powerful influence of Lord Leicester, who was a leading theatrical patron, he might now have started on his real career, his vivid imagination fired by his brief military experience.

And the evidence to back this theory? The soldierly allusions that occur so often in his plays, seeming to show a military knowledge gained at first hand. Was the "jesting player" in Leicester's army indeed our William Shakespeare? It is at least an intriguing possibility.

Another explanation of part of Shakespeare's lost decade (not necessarily conflicting with his short army career) is suggested by the Shakespearian authority, Mr. Cecil G. Gray. Writing recently in a literary weekly, Mr. Gray concludes that William was, for a time from about 1590, tutor or "schoolmaster" to young Edward Herbert of Eyton-on-Severn in Shropshire. This conclusion confirms a presumed connection of Shakespeare with the influential Herbert family between 1584 and 1592, and it can explain his later friendship with the Herberts in London.

A single—and, to the layman, not very impressive—fact, but it is a new and valuable link in the chain. And towards its establishment went a vast amount of detailed and patient research. After more than three hundred years, the story of Shakespeare's life does not yield new details easily.

So unpromising did Shakespeare once seem, from the little that was known of him, as the author of the works attributed to him that in the eighteenth century it was suggested that not he but a famous contemporary, Lord Bacon, wrote the plays. The Baconian theory has endured, and other candidates for Shakespeare's laurels have been the Earls of Oxford and Rutland.

Now William Stanley, sixth Earl of Derby, born four years before Shakespeare, is put forward as the real author. A Liverpool University scientist, Doctor Arthur Titherley, has completed a four-hundred-page book in which he shows with much evidence—including that of handwriting—that this nobleman, highly educated and widely travelled, wrote the plays under the pen-name of "Shake-speare," taken from Will "Shakespere" the actor, who was his agent.

If there are too many theories about Shakespeare the man, it is because there are too few facts. Speculation and research are but the tribute we pay to our greatest poet, of whom we know not nearly enough. But even if we knew nothing about him at all, we still have the works which he (or someone else) has left us.

END

The Flowers Of Spring

(*Continued from page* 30)

the corridor, smoking a cigarette. The ventilator of the sleeper in question happened to be open. 'I don't know your name,' I heard her tell him, 'and you don't know mine. And it is understood—isn't it?—that if we should ever meet again we shall both have forgotten this incident.' An hour or two later the young man left the train, with us, at Strenno. The young lady did not re-appear."

Mr. Justice Medley blew his nose angrily.

Christopher Garland caught the wine steward's eye.

"The behaviour of young people nowadays," the judge began, "while deplorable, is scarcely perhaps . . ."

The steward was at his elbow with a bottle of brandy.

"Mr. Garland's compliments, Sir Charles."

"At our Strenno hotel," Colonel Charlesworth went on, "it was the practice of the management to label (*Continued on page* 65)

All that's best in Britain . . .

The quiet stream flows beneath the grey stone bridge; mellowed and softened by wind and weather
the old cottages cluster beneath the centuries old church,
built by craftsmen whose work remains a perpetual witness to their glowing faith and their skill . . .
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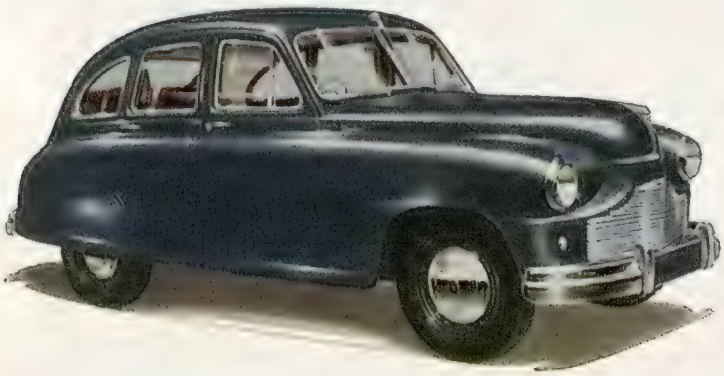

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a little letter-locker with the name of each guest. It was from the ticket on his letter-box that I learned that our fellow-traveller was Mr. David Flower of Spring. The name, I admit, attracted me; and being a broadminded person, I . . . well, 'cultivated his friendship' is putting it altogether too strongly. Let us say, we drifted into a typical hotel acquaintanceship. We chatted when we found ourselves together on the bathing beach; we occasionally had a drink before dinner; and one morning I walked with him up the hill behind the hotel. That particular excursion cost me ten thousand lire, a sum I could ill afford, thanks to the ridiculous currency regulations, then, as now, in force."

A flash of interest passed over Lord Bromley's impassive features.

"He touched you for that?"

Colonel Charlesworth nodded.

"Some entanglement, I am sorry to say, with a local charmer. We had noticed that he had been keeping very late hours. He gave us to understand that he was daily expecting a remittance from a bank in Rome."

"It would appear to me," the judge observed testily, " that Mr. Flower of Spring was what, in my young days, we should have described as a 'mauve'."

"And which is now termed a 'wolf'."

Christopher Garland eyed Mr. Justice Medley anxiously. The irascible old man had himself well in hand, but if this fearful bore went on much longer with his interminable and pointless recital there was no knowing what might happen.

"'Wolf'"? the judge demanded. "Why 'wolf'"?

The wine steward was at his elbow again.

"Mr. Garland's compliments, Sir Charles."

"THE scene shifts," the colonel continued, "to Venice. Extraordinary place, Venice. We had gone on there for the last week of our holiday. I was sitting one evening by myself in the Piazza San Marco, drinking a cup of coffee. You must picture a dark blue, velvety sky, sprinkled with stars; the façade of the church looking as if it had been cut out of silver and gold tinsel; little iron tables everywhere, except in the middle of the square; and a continuous movement of people passing along the brightly-lit pavements in front of the shops—sailors in white ducks, solitary strollers, groups with linked arms, shop girls in pretty blouses, fashionable young ladies in black jumpers, grotesque old women in fur capes, leading white woolly dogs, all moving and all talking, a ceaseless murmur of talk like the murmur of the sea, only louder."

Mr. Justice Medley shifted crossly in his seat. If there was one form of talk he abominated it was travel reminiscence.

"And suddenly in the crowd," Christopher Garland suggested, "you spotted the young lady with the honey-coloured hair and the hyacinth eyes?"

"Wrong," the colonel announced. "Absolutely wrong. I spotted young Flower of Spring."

"And he came over," Lord Bromley said hopefully, "and repaid your ten thousand lire?"

"Wrong again," Colonel Charlesworth announced. "He came over to my table and sat down and told me a very extraordinary story. He had travelled that afternoon third class from Strenno; and he had been celebrating—not wisely, I am afraid, but a little too well."

"Celebrating what?" the judge inquired tartly. "The chance of meeting you again?"

"He had been summoned to Venice," Colonel Charlesworth explained patiently, "by a telegram, forwarded on to him from England. His uncle, the head of the family, who lived in a palazzo on the Grand Canal, was dying."

"A fine reason for getting drunk," the judge snorted.

"Possibly the young man had expectations?" Lord Bromley suggested.

"Exactly," the colonel agreed. "That was precisely the case. As the boy explained to me, his uncle, Sir Andrew, the eighth baronet, had delayed marrying until he was past seventy, when he had taken unto himself a young wife whom none of the family, from whom he had been long estranged, had seen. But there were no children. My young acquaintance was heir to the baronetcy and to the considerable settled estates which followed the title. When he had caught sight of me, he had actually been on his way to the palazzo. Chiefly, I think, because he was anxious to take a gondola but was without the ready money to pay a gondolier, he pressed me to accompany him. Perhaps foolishly, I agreed to do so."

Mr. Justice Medley appeared to have fallen into a light doze, and Lord Bromley was stroking his jowl. Mr. Christopher Garland leant forward across the table.

"Go on," he said.

"We arrived," the colonel said, " at one of those crumbling houses which appear likely, at any moment, to tumble into the Grand Canal. A manservant answered the bell and led us across an inner court and up a wide stone staircase. His master, he explained, had died that morning, but her ladyship was expecting Mr. David Flower. He showed us into a saloon—a fine apartment with an elaborately painted ceiling. In a matter of minutes we were joined . . ."

Colonel Charlesworth broke off as Lord Bromley, without a word, got up and stalked out of the coffee-room.

"Dammit," the colonel complained, " the fellow's gone off at the critical point in the whole story. I'm just getting to the astounding coincidence. I'd better wait till he gets back."

The judge had woken up, and his mounting irritation seemed likely, at any moment, to burst over the raconteur's head.

The novelist once again caught the (*Continued on page* 66)

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wine-steward's eye. He was at the judge's elbow again.

"Mr. Garland's compliments, Sir Charles."

LORD BROMLEY returned, carrying in his hand a copy of *The Times*.

"You were saying, Colonel——?"

"I was saying, when you rather abruptly left us, that, in a matter of minutes, we were joined by—whom do you think?"

Colonel Charlesworth looked expectantly round the table.

The judge's beetling eyebrows rose ominously.

"At a guess," Christopher Garland put in quickly, "the honey-coloured and hyacinthine lady, suitable dressed, I hope, in deep mourning."

The colonel's jaw dropped.

"How the devil did you tumble to that?" he demanded.

Christopher Garland shrugged his shoulders.

"What happened next?" he asked.

"Very little," Colonel Charlesworth admitted. "The young woman—Lady Flower of Spring, as I can now call her—never batted an eyelid. She shook hands with the two of us, remarked that it was strange that she had already encountered her nephew-by-marriage without realizing his identity, gave him the address of her husband's lawyers, and wished us good-bye. I parted from the ninth baronet on the landing-stage and never set eyes on him again."

"No," the judge interjected firmly.

"No?" the colonel queried.

"He was not, at that time, the ninth baronet," Mr. Justice Medley announced. "You are forgetting the statutory ten months. The eighth baronet, I presume, had been legally married? Your young scamp would neither have inherited the title nor the settled estates until ten calendar months after his uncle's demise."

"Why?" Colonel Charlesworth asked stupidly.

Lord Bromley was counting on his fingers.

"It was in September of last year that you travelled out to Italy?" he suggested.

The colonel nodded.

"Then I fancy this announcement in to-day's *Times* will be of interest to your enterprising fellow traveller. I thought I had seen the name somewhere. "FLOWER OF SPRING. On June 15, at Venice, to FELICITY, widow of SIR ANDREW FLOWER OF SPRING, eighth Baronet—a son."

Mr. Justice Medley began to chuckle. Then he threw back his head and laughed out loud.

"Talk about coincidences," he spluttered. "You're quite right, Charlesworth. You're perfectly right, my dear fellow. That's one of the richest coincidences I've ever heard. And unless the young woman is idiot enough to marry her child's father—which I beg leave to doubt—your chances of recovering those ten thousand lire strike me as exceedingly remote."

A great light dawned suddenly in Colonel Charlesworth's mind.

"By Jove," he began, "do you really suppose . . .?"

The wine steward was at his elbow with the brandy bottle.

"Mr. Garland's compliments, sir."

END

A New House Of Commons

(*Continued from page* 29)

new seats are covered in green and the carpet is of the same colour.

He will probably be impressed with a sense of airiness and space. The windows are of the domestic type and the ecclesiastical style of the old windows has not been copied. The result is more in harmony with a legislative building and also has the utilitarian purpose of providing much more daylight.

The sense of extra space is real and has been adroitly achieved. The size of the Floor of the House is exactly the same as in the old Chamber—68 feet by 45 feet 6 inches. But the area increases above gallery level to 103 feet by 48 feet. This is used to provide more strangers' and reporters' accommodation.

In the new Chamber the total seating is as follows

437 seats for Members.
165 seats for Special Strangers.
161 seats for Ordinary Strangers.
161 seats for Reporters.
15 seats for Officials.

This list includes thirty-nine seats behind the stone screens from which the full proceedings cannot be viewed. The old Chamber provided accommodation for 744 people, many of the seats giving no view at all. In the new Chamber there are actually 171 extra seats giving an uninterrupted view.

The air conditioning system is a model of its kind. Much of the experience obtained in automatic regulation of humidity and temperature in laboratories and similar scientific rooms has been utilized. The aim is to provide an atmosphere like that of a fine spring morning. Translated into precise terms, this slightly poetic and very vague description means that temperature will be maintained at a steady 65 degress fahrenheit during the day and 70 degrees fahrenheit at night, the moisture being controlled all the time, in practice resulting in extraction during the average summer day and addition during the winter.

Fifteen hundred cubic feet of freshly treated air will be provided for every person every hour, which should make all night sittings a milder ordeal than formerly. It will be (*Continued on page* 68)

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"What did you do then?" asked the Younger Member.

"What did I do?" demanded the Baron, "I drew my sword made by those excellent Wilkinson Sword people, who now oddly enough make the famous Wilkinson Razor, and I shaved myself with it, damme."

"But surely," interposed the Professor, "those battles took place over a hundred and thirty years ago."

"And what if they did!" thundered the Baron. "Haven't the Wilkinson people been making swords since 1772?"

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draughtless, the heat coming out horizontally well above head level, and the stale air being extracted at roof and floor level. A pleasant touch for winter-time comfort is that Members' feet will be warmed by metal panels under the carpet to a temperature of 80 degrees fahrenheit.

The decorative scheme in which new oak forms horizontal ornamental bands of enrichment with plain English oak is also part of the acoustic treatment. The National Physical Laboratory was consulted about the auditory conditions of the Chamber and the troubles of the old Chamber and of the Lords have gone.

The lighting system is also a technical achievement of no mean order. Cold cathode fluorescent lamps illuminate the House from 150 panels, each with a carved oak framing. A new type of control gear enables the general illumination to be increased or reduced to any level between zero and full brightness at the direction of the Speaker. It will change almost imperceptibly as daylight fails or returns.

Wall brackets and lanterns are designed in decorative tracery, blending well with the older parts of the Palace of Westminster. An interesting point about these light sources is that they also serve as outlets for the air conditioning system.

Desk standards in the offices and committee rooms follow the same style. Many have been donated by the Dominions, the donor's name being engraved on the hoods.

The new building really consists of five floors, the Chamber and its gallery forming the third and fourth level. On the top floor is a suite of offices for the Clerk of the House, and immediately below the floor of the House are the ducts carrying the electrical, telephone and heating systems, with the ventilating ducts. Below these is an area of 8,000 square feet which includes sixteen Ministers' offices and conference rooms. Finally, on the lower ground floor, is a similar area with secretarial and general offices.

The secretarial rooms will be of tremendous advantage to Members, and here there are also some interviewing rooms so that the awkward practice of meeting constituents in the Central Lobby will at last have been overcome. In fact, the daily round of Members will be much easier in future. There are many more telephones, including one hundred phone boxes.

It is pleasing to know that Britain's traditional oak has been extensively used—most of it coming from Shropshire where the joinery work was also carried out. Clipsham stone from Rutland has been used in the Chamber's fabric. In the cloisters Portland stone and Caen stone has been incorporated so as to match the existing material.

The total costs have exceeded £1,700,000, and the result is undoubtedly the finest legislative Chamber in the world.

END

A Nursery In The Zoo

(*Continued from page* 24)

for themselves, just as human children do!

Zoo babies, of course, are of all types and temperaments: the aggressive, the shy, the graceful and the grotesque—all are usually adequately represented in the collection in summertime, though it is, I suppose, in the avian section that we find the oddest types. Looking back over the years, I think the most grotesque youngster I ever saw was a Bauer's parakeet, the sole chick to be hatched from a clutch of eggs laid at the pheasantry. When this avian infant first stepped from his shell it was impossible to view him without a chuckle. For the chick resembled nothing so much as a human centenarian.

Nor was this incredible infant any less amusing at a later stage. Often, when sitting on a perch trying to groom himself as he had seen his parents do, he would overbalance and hang there, upside down, until a watchful and sympathetic keeper went into the cage to set him right way up again.

I have said that the animal babies bred in the Gardens are also of all sizes. And that is very true. They may vary from a 3-cwt. baby hippopotamus or bison, to the infinitesimal weights recorded in the case of many insects. In some nurseries they are so small that you can barely see them. The insect house, in spring and summer, can often show families of this order, and at the moment of writing one of the most interesting there is a seven-inch West African scorpion, who struts round her cage carrying her family of twenty-four minute babies on her back—the only "nursery" these grim-looking youngsters know or need.

END

Lament For A One-String Fiddle

(*Continued from page* 35)

halfwit with the silly grin on her face," splashed Miss Murphy, who was far too distraught to think of putting her teeth back.

"Oh, no everybody doesn't," said Joan. "I don't."

"Don't you?" said Joe.

"No I don't," said Joan.

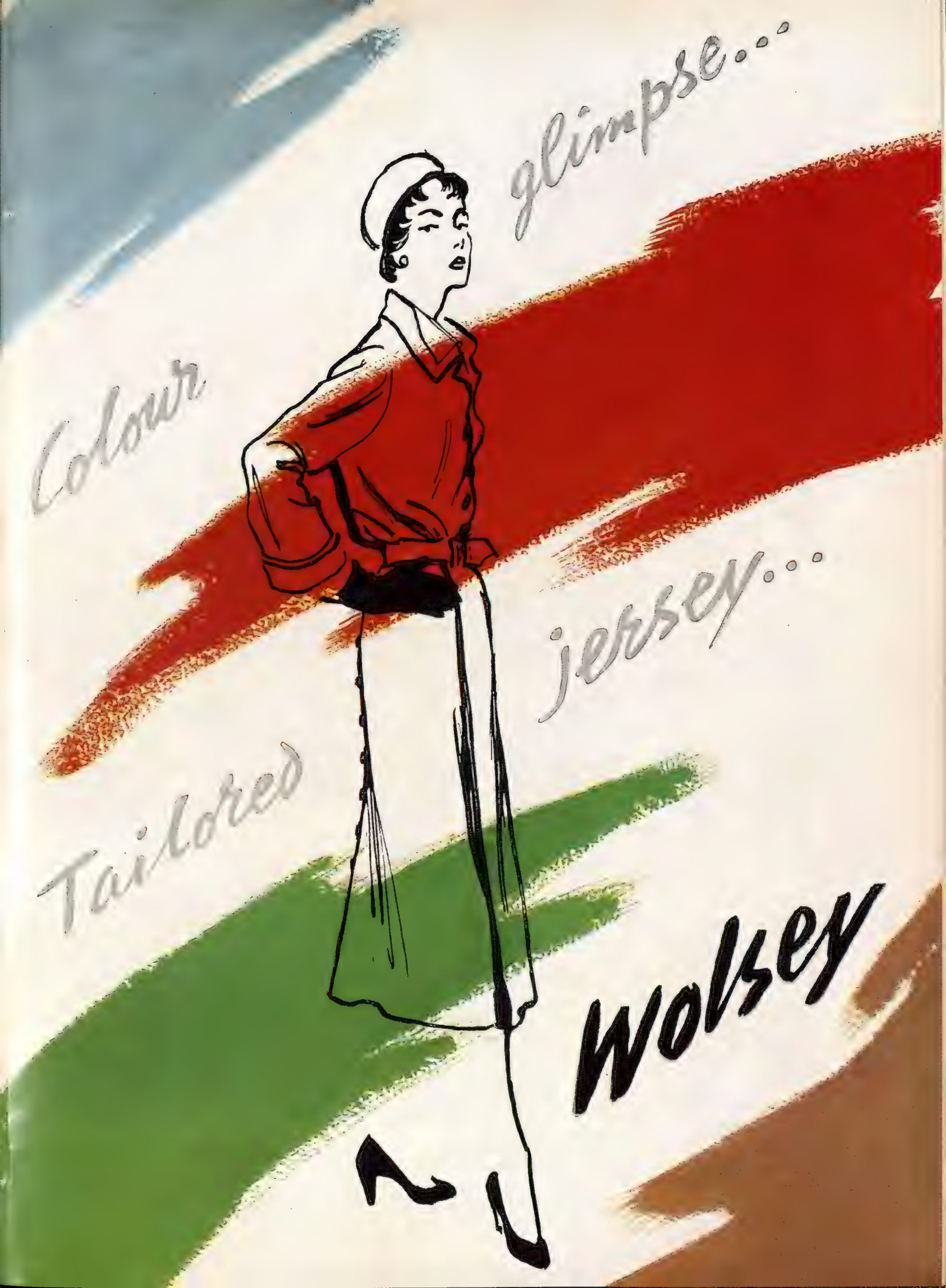
"Well I am," said Joe.

"Oh, Joe!" said Joan.

"All right, all right. That'll do," said Silvet. "This is a respectable night club, not mating time in the parrot house. Let's talk business."

Jane looks after their business now, since Joe doesn't like his wife working in two double acts every night. And she minds their business well, too. Much better than she has ever been able to mind her own.

END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You can buy Dunlopillo now, but if, by any chance, your favourite store is out of Dunlopillo, *don't accept anything else.* Leave your order, send us their name and we'll see that you are supplied as quickly as possible.

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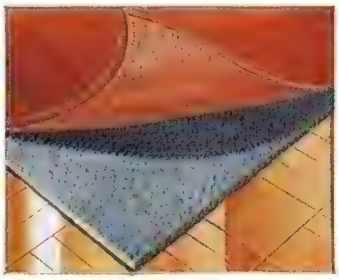

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Changing Britons Abroad

(*Continued from page 17*)

Lisbon during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Otherwise the texture of these earlier settlements has to be knit together from memoirs, biographies and books of travel. The first British "colonies" emerged in trading centres, usually ports. The next development was an incursion of diplomacy which drew capital cities into the picture. A third admixture brought in epicures, dilettantes and artists, and sprouted a "colony" at such a place as Florence. A fourth infusion was that of the rentier and retired person, often of quite small means.

One is tempted to say, if you shake the above quartet, you get the British "colony" cocktail now fizzing down before us. But that would be too facile. If I go to Bordeaux, I know exactly the kind of British "colony" I am going to meet there—solid, sporting, trading—and if I go to Montreux or to Rome, I know that something quite different awaits me. In the former, the old genteel which used to dominate, dies hard; in the latter there's an elusive descent, if not in talent, at any rate in "atmosphere," from the Spezzia Group of 130 years ago.

British "colonies" of varying dimensions and social authority gradually took form at places as far apart and different as Montpellier and Oporto, Brussels and Palermo, Pau and Geneva, Heidelberg and Naples, Malaga and Ostend, Venice and Munich, Dinard and Nice (later Cannes, Menton and "Monte"), Dieppe and Rapallo, Tours and Florence, Montreux and Le Touquet, Tangier . . . but what's the use in going on with mere names? Biarritz and Palma were two of the last to emerge. And I've practically left out ports and capitals!

There are "colonies" and "colonies" and some have changed more than others. Some are withering before one's eyes; others are carrying on in a restrained manner. Life has altered most in the resort, and least in the port. The capital city comes somewhere in between.

No one goes to live at a port like Antwerp unless earning a livelihood there, or married into it. That simplifies matters. The Briton in (say) Antwerp is either working for a British firm, i.e. getting his money from Britain, or earning foreign currency. He complains—as they all do—of being penalized by the home Government, of seeing what he imagined to be his rights, parsimoniously handed back as "concessions." These important port "colonies" have shrunk in numbers, yet have changed least in personal texture.

Paris or Brussels is a different story. At each you see Britons leading more drawn-in lives, with consequent impairment of social authority. There are many less of them, and they are altering, too, as persons. This had to be because people who join, say, the Paris "colony" now, do so more or less through an official sieve, whereas becoming a Paris resident until 1939 was unrestrained and open to all.

That sieve has had the effect of severally pruning those who could afford to live in Paris because they liked it. It has increased the number of those living by their wits.

In capital after capital British residents have had to come right down in their spending habits. I have heard it put as a descent from categories A and B to C and D. Some of this may operate to the good. For example, it compels Britons to lead more of the native life, to get to know the ropes and the language, whereas formerly so many sailed steadily on in the exclusive ship "Sterling." But there's a debit side, too, and thought of it switches me to Germany. Worst-off of the lot is probably the Düsseldorf "colony" of Britons, hub of those staying in Germany and now having to live on the German economy at twelve marks to the £.

Most people have a contempt for foreign poverty in their midst, if they don't take it as an affront, and when the late conqueror dons that poor raiment, it's simply silly. Something ought to be done about British residents in Germany, and quickly, if we intend to stay there any time. Their counterparts in Brussels lately secured certain alleviations in a very dear country, by hammering away at H.M. Treasury, and this should serve as a spur.

British subjects abroad are either earning foreign currency or have been allowed by the Treasury to settle abroad and have their bank accounts at home classified as "foreign." The first to be repatriated in 1945–46 returned to their businesses and homes, and their financial side, if harder, was not much altered, or more complicated than formerly. But with the next emigration it was different. They were told they might take up to £5,000 out of Britain, in four years. This was subsequently axed right down, but has now been raised again to £4,000.

Such beneficiaries (!), be it understood, are full residents abroad. For, last March, an entirely new species was synthetically produced in Whitehall—the "Four-year Emigrant." You have never heard of him, but if you cross now to live at Calais, poor, bust up, miserable, abysmal Calais where once the Quality strode on the sands, you become officially a Four-year Emigrant (shades of Ford Madox's *The Last of England* as the white cliffs of Dover recede, though they may not even do that entirely).

It is a sort of state of limbo devised to cover British subjects until they are given full rights of residence abroad, which, I believe, means greater access to their capital and less chance of such things as double taxation. The four-year birds are told exactly how much they may spend in each of the four years, the sums being fixed, apparently, according to their visible and concrete assets in Britain. They are astride the Channel, too, for during their period of proving, they remain technically residents of the U.K. though they may be enjoying permanent pasturage on the slopes of the Pyrenees.

I call the new types "Demigrants" and lots of them seem quite happy—either at jobs, or living in low gear at their favourite places. Such relative newcomers knew what they were walking into, and are not the ones qualified to protest at scurvy treatment. For that, you have to go to the British resident abroad, who has grown old through two wars, and preferably to Switzerland where the devaluation of the pound meant a big loss of income, pensions, etc., emanating from Britain. This rose to be as high as thirty-one per cent in an already notoriously dear land.

A common mistake is to imagine that stayaways escape paying tax in the U.K. This is sometimes so far from being the case that residents abroad have to pay double taxation, while all living in a country like France are liable for sixty-two per cent of that country's taxation, which is collected by indirect imposts on a wide variety of goods and services in everyday use.

Even less taken into account, is the buffetings that these residents abroad receive from financial and economic variations within the countries of their choice.

Why do these people continue to live out of Britain? We are now abreast of a wide question, and squarely down in the resorts like Nice and Florence, no longer in the ports or even the capitals.

In respect of the older folk, the explanation is pathetically simple: they cast their lives abroad, have their last friends and interests there. Some would prefer suicide to the alternative of Bayswater lodgings, or buried away in the cheapest of the English countryside. Particularly along Lake Geneva, are Britons selling their villas, pride of a lifetime's savings, so as to hang on to the proceeds in their beloved corners.

I know I'm on a razor's edge, waxing sentimental about stayaways, but it so happens that the plight of many of these people is worsened by ill health. One proposed amelioration is that residents abroad should be allowed to spend eighteen months in all in Britain during (*Continued on page 72*)

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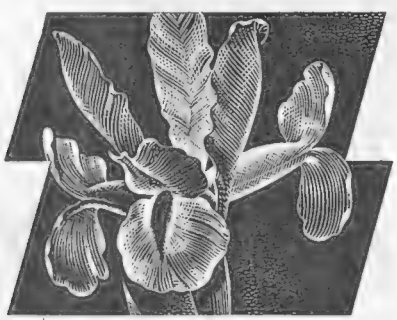

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each period of four years, instead of the present twelve, without losing tax refund on foreign investments and forfeiting their foreign banking status in Britain. This would enable them to "fit out" better in Britain, with the things they want most but now can no longer afford to buy abroad; also they would presumably be saving money, staying part of the time with family offshoots.

A second hope is that more liberal treatment will be given to private individuals wishing to remit money for compassionate purposes to relatives or dependants abroad. At present it arouses no vexed surprise to read an advertisement by an old English woman, offering to do charing.

I have wondered how much all these sprightly "colonies" really cost the Treasury, even in their heyday—which I take to have been parallel with the reign of Mrs. Keppel, in Florence, 1905 onwards; wondered if all the restrictions have been worth while in view of the rackets and "leakages" which have grown up around these self-same "colonies" as a direct result.

Devotees of such places, from being of the Quality, or at least related to the Three Estates, multiplied during the late Victorian period and the first half of the twentieth century until they included retired officers and pensioned officials, rich rentiers and remittance men, alimony widows and bridge spinsters, people of both sexes who'd been touched by scandal, "little old ladies" such as you see rapidly dying out at Monte Carlo, epicures and dilettantes, queer characters and square pegs, rebels and recluses, old people and invalids, artists and writers.

I already detect the new social leaders of the British "colony" to come. Goodbye dear Lady Susan Pegtop. Farewell, Colonel Puxley Capivion (I do hope these names have never been heard of before). In your steads there arises the admonishing Briton abroad, who, full with knowledge of what his Government means, instructs his wayward fellow of the "colony" by means of letters to the Press when they do such horrible things as send cheques back to England to pay for something there, maybe a wager.

Presumably our present masters are trying to substitute a different sort of British "colony" whose pilots are the dozen Labour attachés at British embassies. In that case there is something of a vacuum in the meantime, and vacua are good neither for prestige nor trade.

END

Changing Britons Abroad

Books (*Continued from page* 38)

mine-owners with money raised locally, and took a long time to build—the Leeds and Liverpool, for example, forty-six years; the Norwood Tunnel on the Chesterfield Canal, twenty-four. Charles Hadfield's **"British Canals"** (Phoenix, 16s.) traces their rise, war with the railways, and decline with encyclopaedic knowledge, contemporary prints, and modern photographs.

HARRIET COHEN'S **"Music's Handmaid"** (Faber, 10s. 6d.) has long been a modest classic on the technical interpretation of the masters of pianoforte music. This new edition is largely re-written, with added chapters on Debussy, Chopin, Bartok.

RARELY does a novelist step aside from his story to comment on the social qualities of the people in it, but in a postscript to **"The Ivory Mischief"** (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.) Arthur Meeker, after spending years brooding on them and their lives, concludes that seventeenth-century men and women were amazingly vital and tough-fibred. "All of them—saints and sinners, soldiers, statesmen, poets, philosophers, mystics, eccentrics—were enthusiastically, passionately themselves, with the whole of their physical and spiritual energy: they lived with brio, and they seemed to die only when there was nothing left for them to do." That explains the fascination of this immense, 760-page panorama of the age of Louis XIV, focused mainly through the lives, loves and children of two beautiful sisters: Cateau, Comtesse d'Olonne, and Magdelon, who married a hard-bitten soldier, the Marechal de la Ferté, old enough to be her father. For grasp of character, period, and all the historic "names" that made it famous this novel is unrivalled. I would buy it with pride for any lover of historical fiction broadly based on fact.

AS vivid in its way, though more fantastic, is George Lancing's **"Phoenix Triumphant"** (Hale, 10s. 6d.), a tale of intrigue and corruption at the court of Tzu Hsi, Dowager Grand Empress of China, last of the Manchu tyrants of the Dragon Throne, seen through the eyes of a niece of the Eunuch Chamberlain, brought to court to spy on the imprisoned Emperor. Charming Smile needs must love a poet, if only to offset iniquities and barbarities—culminating in the Boxer rebellion—which so often make China's vaunted "civilization" a mockery.

HUGH FORSYTH loved Anne, but she was snatched from him by Alex Sherborne who married her. In Burma the two meet on a Chindwin patrol out to create a diversion to help Wingate's troops, and Hugh's hatred of his rival barely stops short of murder. Plenty of scope for drama here, and George Scurfield communicates its tension in a creditable first novel **"The Bamboo House"** (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.); but the eventual showdown between them seems just a little too stout-fellerish and theatrical to be wholly convincing.

TOWARDS the end of the American Civil War two young Confederate naval officers were assigned the secret job of sabotaging the Northern whaling fleet and cutting off the whale oil supply to New England factories. One was shanghaied as seaman aboard a whaler, the other joined the cruiser *Shenandoah* and sailed for the Pacific on her mission of destruction. Their exploits, tangled with a charming love romance, make **"Diamond Head"** (Boardman, 10s. 6d.) by Houston Branch and Frank Waters a simple, robust adventure story.

IN W. R. Burnett's **"The Asphalt Jungle"** (MacDonald, 8s. 6d.) a new police commissioner, Theo Hardy, resolved to rid his city of thuggery and corruption, is up against a gang planning a million-dollar jewel snatch. The resulting tussle has all the excitement of a thriller film, and in Hardy a stout fighter to whom "A sink of iniquity was a sink of iniquity, no matter how delicate or polished or bedizened. Right and wrong were very simple things to him—and from this he drew his strength."

I HARDLY know what to make of Hugh Hickling's **"The Furious Evangelist"** (Redman, 10s. 6d.) which concerns the machinations of a revolutionary society, the White Scythe, and a plot to wipe out a Balkan premier as part of an international coup. Characters, dialogue, situations are too melodramatic and far-fetched, though he shows courage in tackling what is possibly by implication a future Communist peril.

OTHER books recommended to the attention of readers include:

National Trust Guide—**"Places of Natural Beauty,"** D. M. Matheson (B. T. Batsford, 8s. 6d.). **"Solid Fuel Housecraft,"** Elspet Fraser-Stephen (Crosby Lockwood, 9s. 6d.). **"Beginners on Horseback,"** Major D. Macmillan (Constable, 15s.). **"Poems, 1938-49,"** Robert Lowell (Faber, 9s. 6d.). **"History of Winchester Abbey,"** Gordon Haigh, M.A., M.Litt. (Skeffington, 15s.). **"Kate Hannigan,"** Catherine Cookson (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.). **"This Is My Son,"** Clarence Budington Kelland (Museum Press, 9s. 6d.). **"Castle Mandragora,"** Mary Durham (John Gifford, 7s. 6d.). **"The Long Year,"** Ann Chidester (Jarrolds, 10s. 6d.).

END

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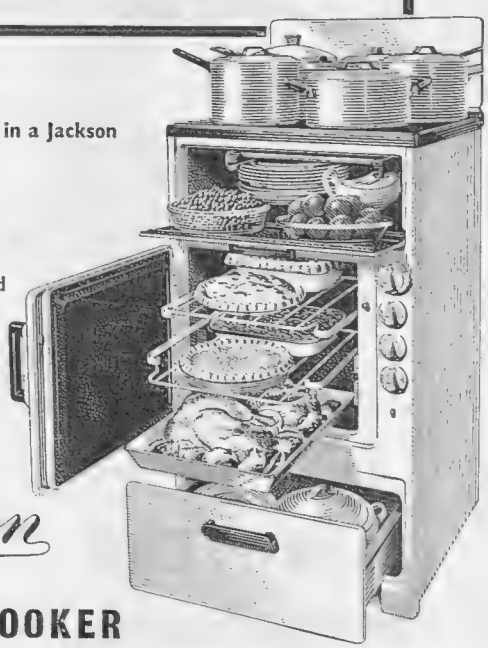

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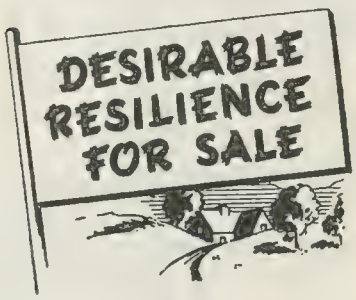

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FREE SAMPLE: Send for a specimen of the material to Dept. 24, Engert & Rolfe, Ltd., London, E.14.

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Homes, Sweet Homes

(*Continued rom page* 37)

with windows practically obscured by the lofty cornices hiding them, and the chimney pots.

As towns grew large and space restricted, servants fared worse. Basement kitchens and diminutive attics could scarcely have been homely, but the food was good, and work scarce, so what mattered a few discomforts!

Houses were built, stately solid ones for the mill and mine owners, back-to-back hovels for the workers. The increase of the black-coated workers brought rows and rows of "villas" to the outskirts of the towns. Each possessed a little pocket handkerchief of a front garden, giving the worker a chance to bring individuality to his home. Perhaps, cat-like, he was guided home by instinct at night, for gas jets had little chance of showing through the frosted glass of his hall door, or the Venetian blinds of his sitting-room. All houses must have looked alike in the murky gloom of the narrow streets, lit only by gas lamps and a moon shrouded with smoke.

Even so, certain distinctions were bound to occur. Never in a row of Victorian houses, or Georgian for that matter, were two ever painted the same colour at the same time. It was amazing, too, how many different ways there were of looping back the lace curtains or how varied in colour and shape were the plant pots holding the ever-present aspidistra. The Victorian housewife loved her aspidistra and proudly counted the new leaves for, so rumour persisted, each new one represented a hundred pounds put away for a rainy day.

But individuality was raising its head. Rich mill owners and shopkeepers aimed at becoming country magnates and built large mansions in the country. Battlemented copings, oriel windows, Tudor dripstones and Dutch gables added interest, if not continuity, to the buildings. Gardens boasted of shrubs and hedges cut to shapes that made Alice's adventures in Wonderland seem humdrum. Lawns, from which the squeaking lawn-mower was rarely absent, were cut in zodiacal shapes to allow for masses of bedding-out flowers—so dear to the heart of the hired gardener.

Side by side with the aims of the town-bred squire developed the country cottage, or cottage *ornée*. This was a step in the right direction, for it did provide a pleasant retreat for the weary business man, if not for his wife. The exteriors were of the romantic type, with twisted chimneys and gables breaking gently into the skyline.

The cult of the simple life was on its way. Weary of machine-made articles and the restless striving of builders to attain something massive and ponderous at little cost, a set of young men and maidens, under the example of William Morris, extolled the work of the country craftsman and hand-made articles became the rage. Useless articles were swept away and vases, jugs and chairs, as well as the maiden's figures, became tall and attenuated. Willowy and sinuous stalks floated round unknown varieties of water-lilies on wallpapers, cushions and table runners, until one felt only a mermaid could live in comfort amidst it all. Individuality had at last arrived. Together with garden cities, bungalows, council houses and sun-bathing, a half-hearted attempt has been made to make us believe England is a land of perpetual sunshine. Long parallel windows fill one side of living-rooms and flat, sun-lit roofs usurp the place of tiles and slates—a decided advantage where space is limited and sunshine is no longer a bug-bear to be kept away from carpets and curtains, for roof-gardens can be both a comfort and joy to the lover of solitude.

END

Counting The Cost

(*Continued from page* 43)

household boasts many comforts which are rightly considered essentials. Many of these are post-war additions to the home; all have to be bought initially and cost something to maintain.

This is not a condemnation of better standards but to get the financial picture in its right perspective we must concede that financial worries are not new and this is not the first generation that has wanted things it could not afford.

The conclusion is the same to-day as it has been in the past. Non-essentials must be sacrificed for the sake of essentials.

We cannot depend upon things "working themselves out," but must look to reasoned adjustments and sacrifices to stop the leakage.

There is little comfort in the injunction to make more sacrifices, but it is good sense to make essential cuts in the places where they will do most good. Where panic-stricken economies fail the answer lies in a careful, strategical adjustment of income against costs. Clearheaded retrenchment is effective where vague "last-minute" measures lead to frustration.

END

Noises In The Night

(*Continued from page* 20)

before all the eggs have been laid—there are usually one or two members of the family demanding and receiving far more food than their brothers and sister owlets.

A sick bird, lacking the energy to cry for food or open wide its bill, may soon die of starvation. For the parents require the stimulation of these two factors before it will occur to them to feed their offspring.

Not less noisy than the tawny owls are the little owls with their dog-like yapping that can be heard at any hour of the day and night. The shrill, drawn-out scream of the white barn owl is more rarely heard. There is growing evidence, though, to confirm that these most beautiful of birds are increasing in number after their sad decline early in the century. Since the voices of birds are heard most often only when competition for territories and nesting sites is keen, we should gradually hear the barn owl much more. I know one Sussex village where the solitary pair of barn owls are seldom heard. But the voice of this bird is a familiar sound to villagers in another parish where three pairs are breeding.

Sometimes the appearance of a stoat or even a bright light as some car sweeps down a lane will produce a burst of night song from the robin or hedge-sparrow. Midsummer nights when the nightingale and sedge warbler no longer brighten the hours of darkness with their song, may sound strange with the trilling of the nightjars. Every summer these birds of the woods and commons startle my neighbours by perching on their roofs to utter their weird song that continues without a pause for breath, for two or—in one case I recorded—as long as five minutes. The "song" can only be likened to a stick being dragged along railings.

Most of the four-footed creatures of our countryside rely on their sense of smell when hunting for food or seeking each other's company. Birds—with the possible exception of some geese and ducks—have no sense of smell, and will incubate a clutch of onions if these are substituted for eggs.

The hedgehogs in my garden often betray their presence by uttering deep grunts as they come out to feed.

More familiar are the far-carrying cries of the foxes. But for man these creatures might not be nocturnal animals; they are really just as much at home in daytime. However, the need to escape attack from men sends them into their earths during most daylight hours, except amid the warm days of high summer when it is not unusual to disturb them in the gorse and bracken. (*Continued on page* 77)

The cocktail dress by Hardy Amies is in moiré poult—

rayon moiré poult; and the reproduction Chippendale

chair from Harrods is covered with damask—*rayon damask . . .*

the couturier and the interior decorator

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Noises In The Night

The hours of darkness know other sounds—the shrill scream of a rabbit, the cries of waders in flight, the echoing shots of poachers in the woods. When friends from London stay with me on the edge of a wood in the Sussex Weald, they often complain of their inability to sleep. It is not so much that the beds are hard, they say—though that may well be one reason. But the real reason is that the countryside is so noisy.

END

At Your Fingers' Ends

(*Continued from page* 39)

meets the equivalent position on your hands. Short fingers account for those finger-tip holes which seem to come before their time.

Really good, long-lasting suede is a rarity to-day. Keep fine suede gloves for better wear and use fabric, washable chamois or fine leather for daily use. The glove box is an ancient institution but a good one. By keeping sufficient pairs of gloves to permit turn-about wear, each pair lasts longer and looks better to the end. Dust is the great enemy of suede. Brush and steam suede gloves regularly and keep them neatly folded in *dark* paper when not in use. If your palms incline to perspiration, dust a little talcum powder inside the gloves. For washable leathers use a little good toilet soap, never chemical preparations.

And as a last thought: Don't carry your gloves, wear them.

END

SENSITIVE
SKIN
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Cuticura
THE MILDLY MEDICATED TOILET
SOAP

17

Sir Philip Sidney's "Stella"

(*Continued from page* 28)

field with him. He was then dismounted and carried to safety. Calling for a drink, lifting the bottle to his lips, he saw a poor soldier being carried past—and the famished look in the man's eyes. "Thy necessity is greater than mine," he said, handing him the bottle. Before he died at Arnhem he begged a friend to burn his *Arcadia*, saying "All things in my former life have been vain, vain, vain," but it is not on record that he spoke of *Astrophel and Stella*. He was given a hero's funeral in St. Paul's.

AND Penelope, the lost love of his life, the fount of his purest poetry? After bearing the hated Rich children, she left him for her earlier love, Sir Charles Blount, was divorced, and later, when Blount had become Earl of Devonshire, married him.

We see her, as the friend of Philip's widow and daughter and his brother Sir Robert, talking tenderly of the dead hero, recalling early Chartley memories, and perhaps reading in the night watches a slender sheaf of poems written for intimate friends only: *Astrophel and Stella*.

END

Have a nicer tea with "Bermaline" Bread and butter

Flat To Let

(*Continued from page* 23)

wife. We could have got a quiet little fellow. He wouldn't have disturbed any one."

But Mr. Stansgate paid no heed to him and the women were still engaged in striking and tearing at each other.

Then Ann Weeley half thrust, half dragged Mrs. Stansgate out of the flat.

"Ann! Ann!" Martin called wildly, and, picking up his crutches, he followed them. In the doorway Stansgate turned his correct form (*Continued on page* 78)

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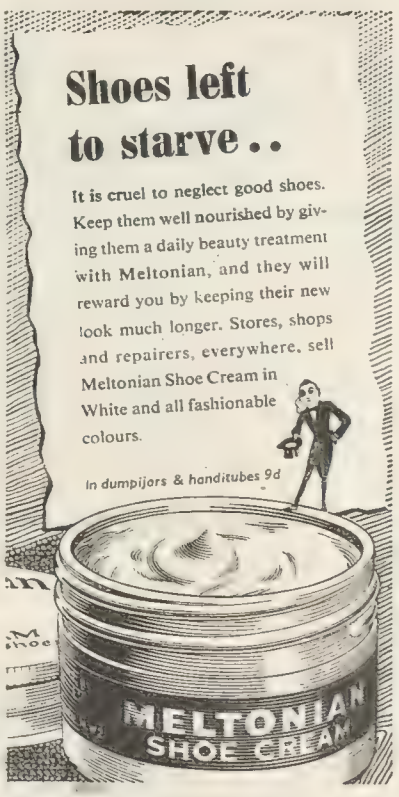

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slightly to keep his gaze on the battling women. "Caroline," he said at last. "Please," and being near him, Martin learned her name from the shaping of Stansgate's lips.

Martin hobbled forward. He interposed one of his crutches between the women and nearly fell over as Mrs. Stansgate struck it to one side.

"Take him inside, Brian," Mrs. Weeley said and Stansgate instantly sprang forward and put an arm about Martin's enormous frame.

But Martin would not move. He brushed Stansgate aside easily and watched the fighting women in bewildered anguish.

Extending his enormous hand, Martin Weeley, with a great heave, pushed Mrs. Stansgate aside, and toppled over, falling on his face between the women in the confined space at the foot of the stairs. Ann Weeley and Stansgate together picked him up and escorted him, with some difficulty, back into his room. Mrs. Stansgate must have been shouting still, for her husband turned and called over Martin's shoulder: "Go upstairs, Caroline. I'll join you presently."

Martin, panting hard, was set down in a large chair and Brian Stansgate, with much solicitude, turned his attention to Ann. But hearing his wife call again apparently, he looked uneasily towards the door, and as Ann muttered something, he left them and followed his wife upstairs.

Martin got up to fetch some water and a sponge. It was not easy for him to manage them with his crutches and Ann followed him to the bathroom.

"What was it all about?" Martin asked. "Eh? What's upset her?"

But, after gazing at him with a trembling lip, Ann turned away and leaning her head upon her arm against the door, began to sob.

After a while he urged her towards the sitting-room and, hobbling back with her, asked again tenderly: "Can't you tell me?"

Ann walked beside him, her head lowered, but gave no answer.

"It had nothing to do—surely. . . . It wasn't about the dog?"

Ann shook her head gently to indicate that it was not.

"She must have gone off her head then."

Vaguely Ann Weeley nodded.

Martin began again to comfort her.

"I'll bring you a drink," he said and got up to fetch a brandy, using the backs of chairs as he hopped towards the sideboard.

He sat beside her as she sipped it. "That fellow—what's his name—Stansgate. Poor devil! He's going to have his hands full."

Unaccountably Ann began to cry again.

"Poor old Stansgate," he repeated. "Such a nice man. I feel sorry for him."

"Yes. Poor man," she agreed.

"Did you say his name is Brian?" Martin asked.

Ann nodded; then she looked up and he saw a far-away look in her eyes. "I don't really know," she added.

"I thought I heard you call him that."

"Me?"

He saw in her eyes the tension of one who felt trapped.

"I thought I heard you call him Brian," he said.

"Why should I call him that?"

He looked away. Perhaps he was wrong. He stared at the door and the crisis passed.

He began to fuss over her again, urged her to the settee, made her lie back on some cushions and put her feet up. He would see a solicitor to-morrow, he decided.

"Let us talk about it to-morrow," she said. "I'd rather you did nothing. She can go to hell."

THE next day most of the women living in the houses alongside and opposite walked with decorous leisureliness along Randolph Row and showed for the first time a disposition to greet each other and to discuss the hint of rain in the heavy greyness overhead. A word here and there was put out as a feeler about what had happened the night before. But they learned no more than they knew already.

And each in turn eagerly waylaid and greeted Mrs. Signet. But she said nothing. She knew nothing, she said. She wasn't there.

Within her own intimate circle, however, this stern, forbidding woman expressed her condemnation of what she had always feared was wrong. Again and again, she revealed now, she had been on the verge of voicing her fears, but to have spoken might have destroyed the happiness of two innocent folk. So she prayed and held her peace, finding some solace in the words: "What the eye doesn't see. . . ."

It was the little woman downstairs who had started it all, she felt certain.

While cleaning the front steps she had noticed that no sooner had Mr. Stansgate—such a nice, good-looking man—swung out with his umbrella, than that woman downstairs came hurrying out too and made off in the same direction towards the tube.

Mrs. Signet was deliberately late one morning and saw him waiting outside the tube station fumbling with a newspaper he had just bought, and glancing up from it from time to time along the road. As Mrs. Weeley came up he was all smiles and she smiled, too, tilting her head up at him, as he slipped his arm through hers. Not much of her, but what there was looked different and excited.

Then there was a note Ann gave Mrs. Signet to pass on to him one morning, when Mr. Stansgate had a day off and Mrs. Weeley went out later than usual and with less hurried steps. "Make sure you give it to him, Mrs. Signet," she had said. "It's about a birthday present he asked me to buy for his wife." Birthday present indeed!

She had no idea how Mrs. Stansgate got to know. Perhaps she found the note hidden among his underclothes, she shouldn't wonder. And now there were crates and boxes lying open upstairs in the main room and Mrs. Stansgate was busy packing his things and hers. Where they were going she had no idea, but it was right to take him away from that woman downstairs.

(*Continued on page* 80)

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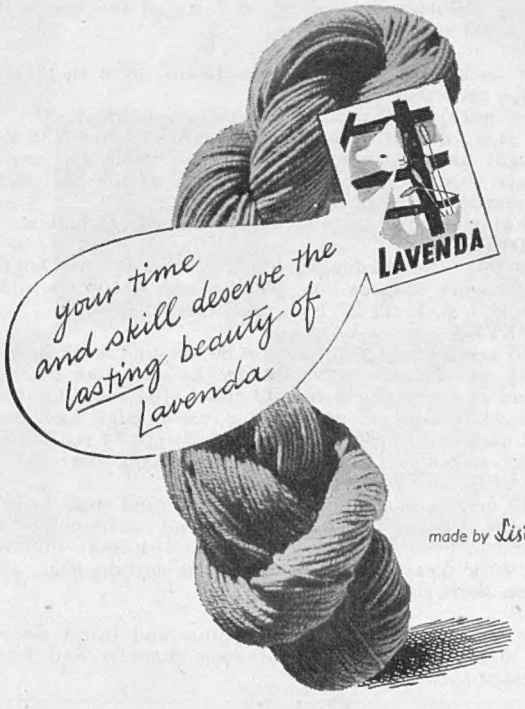

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Flat To Let

At the estate agent's, alongside the antique shop in the High Street, where a new picture by Martin Weeley was on view in the window, the young assistant with the small moustache, said with eager craning of his supercilious head : "Quite unexpectedly a flat has become available in Randolph Row. On the first floor—two bedrooms, sitting-room, bathroom, and kitchen. A most charming Georgian street. Quiet and dignified. Yes, very nice neighbours. Most refined and respectable."

Knitted For Skating

(*Continued from page 48*)

mn. 2, c. 1, mn. 2, c. 3, mn. 2, c. 1, mn. 1) to end.

16th row.—P. : (c. 1, mn. 2, c. 5, mn. 2, c. 1, mn. 3) to last st., c. 1.

17th row.—K. : c. 1, * mn. 3, c. 1, (mn. 1, c. 3) twice, mn. 1, c. 1 ; rep. from * to end.

18th row.—P. : (mn. 1, c. 3, mn. 3, c. 3, mn. 4) to last st., mn. 1.

19th to 28th rows.—As 1st to 10th rows.

29th row.—K. : mn. 1, (mn. 1, c. 1, mn. 2) to last 2, mn. 1, c. 1.

30th row.—P. : (c. 2, mn. 1, c. 1) to last 3, c. 2, mn. 1.

31st row.—As 29th row.

32nd row.—P. in mn., inc. at each end (129 sts.).

33rd row.—K. : * mn. 7, c. 1, mn. 4, c. 1, mn. 17, c. 1, mn. 4, c. 1, mn. 7 ; rep. from * twice.

34th row.—P. : * mn. 8, c. 4, mn. 4, c. 3, mn. 5, c. 3, mn. 4, c. 4, mn. 8 ; rep. from * twice.

35th row.—K. : * mn. 8, c. 1, mn. 2, c. 1, (mn. 3, c. 5) twice, mn. 3, c. 1, mn. 2, c. 1, mn. 8 ; rep. from * twice.

36th row.—P. : * mn. 8, (c. 1, mn. 2) twice, (c. 3, mn. 1) 3 times, c. 3, (mn. 2, c. 1) twice, mn. 8 ; rep. from * twice.

37th row.—K. : * mn. 8, c. 4, mn. 2, c. 2, mn. 3, c. 2, mn. 1, c. 2, mn. 3, c. 2, mn. 2, c. 4, mn. 8 ; rep. from * twice.

38th row.—P. : * mn. 7, c. 1, mn. 4, c. 1, (mn. 1, c. 3) 4 times, mn. 1, c. 1, mn. 4, c. 1, mn. 7 ; rep. from * twice.

39th row.—K. : * (mn. 6, c. 1) twice, (mn. 1, c. 6) twice, mn. 1, (c. 1, mn. 6) twice ; rep. from * twice.

40th row.—P. : * mn. 5, c. 1, mn. 4, c. 3, mn. 1, c. 1, (mn. 1, c. 5) twice, mn. 1, c. 1, mn. 1, c. 3, mn. 4, c. 1, mn. 5 ; rep. from * twice.

41st row.—K. : * mn. 4, c. 1, mn. 4, c. 5, mn. 1, c. 1, (mn. 1, c. 4) twice, mn. 1, c. 1, mn. 1, c. 5, mn. 4, c. 1, mn. 4 ; rep. from * twice.

42nd row.—P. : * mn. 3, c. 1, mn. 4, (c. 3, mn. 1) twice, c. 1 (mn. 1, c. 3) twice, mn. 1, c. 1, (mn. 1, c. 3) twice, mn. 4, c. 1, mn. 3 ; rep. from * twice.

43rd row.—K. : * mn. 2, c. 1, mn. 5, c. 2, mn. 3, c. 3, mn. 1, c. 1, (mn. 1, c. 2) twice, mn. 1, c. 1, mn. 1, c. 3, mn. 3, c. 2, mn. 5, c. 1, mn. 2 ; rep. from * twice.

44th row.—P. : * mn. 1, c. 1, mn. 6, c. 3, mn. 1, c. 5, (mn. 1, c. 1) 4 times, mn. 1, c. 5, mn. 1, c. 3, mn. 6, c. 1, mn. 1 ; rep. from * twice.

45th row.—K. : * c. 1, mn. 8, c. 9, mn. 1, c. 1, mn. 3, c. 1, mn. 1, c. 9, mn. 8, c. 1 ; rep. from * twice.

46th row.—P. : * c. 2, mn. 8, c. 9, mn. 5, c. 9, mn. 8, c. 2, rep. from * twice.

47th row.—K. : * mn. 1, c. 2, mn. 18, c. 1, mn. 18, c. 2, mn. 1 ; rep. from * twice.

48th to 61st rows.—Read backwards as from 46th to 33rd rows. Break off c.

Change to No. 11 needles.

62nd row.—(Inc. p. 4) 3 times, p. 99, (p. 4, inc.) 3 times (135 sts.).

Continue in all mn. st.st. until work measures 12½ ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape armholes by casting off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, and dec. at each end of the following 7 rows (105 sts.). Continue straight until work measures 19½ ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape shoulders by casting off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next 10 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

FRONT

Work as for back until work measures 18 ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape neck thus :

(Right side of work) k. 38, cast off 29, (loop on needle) k. 37.

Continue in st.st., dec. at neck edge on the next 3 rows (35 sts.). Continue straight until work measures 19½ ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape shoulders by casting off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next 5 rows, starting at armhole edge.

Rejoin wool at remaining sts. and work other side to match.

NECK BORDER

Join right shoulder. Now, using No. 13 needles and mn., and holding the right side of work towards you, pick up and k. 104 sts. round neck. Work in k. 1, p. 1, rib for 1 in., then cast off in rib.

SHORT SLEEVES

Using No. 13 needles and mn., cast on 80 sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1, rib for 1½ ins. Change to No. 11 needles and work in st.st., inc. at each end of every fourth row 12 times (104 sts.). Continue straight until work measures 7 ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape top by dec. at each end of every alternate row until 74 sts. remain, then dec. at each end of every row until 24 sts. remain. Cast off.

LONG SLEEVES

Using No. 13 needles and mn., cast on 64 sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1, rib for 3 ins. Change to No. 11 needles and continue in st.st., inc. at each end of every sixth row 20 times (104 sts.). Continue straight until work measures 19 ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape top as on short sleeve.

MAKING UP

Press all parts except ribbing. Join seams and insert sleeves. Work 1 row of double crochet round open shoulder and fasten same with press studs.

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